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DENMARK AND GERMANY.

THE conclusion of the treaty between Denmark and the German Powers attracts little attention. From the cessation of hostilities to the present time there was no serious matter in dispute, except the apportionment of the costs of the war; for the three Duchies were irrevocably severed from the Danish Crown, and the ultimate destination of the German conquests is still either uncertain or secret. As the Assembly of Lauenburg has voted for the annexation of the Duchy to Prussia, it seems probable that the offer was previously known to be acceptable. For the present, however, the Prussian Government replies that, while Austria holds joint occupation of the territory, no separate negotiation can be entertained. It may, perhaps, be the interest of Prussia to allow petty States to offer themselves as new provinces, although absolutist Governments are generally unwilling to be indebted for advantages to a popular vote. The implied title which is deduced from an unresisted military occupation is far more anomalous, but it may be convenient as a vague and elastic claim of sovereignty. It is by no means unlikely that the change in the Vienna Foreign Office may render Austria less manageable or complaisant. The general dissatisfaction with Count RECHBERG's administration was largely attributable to the subserviency which had ensured to Prussia the undisputed lead of Germany. After engaging in a remote, inglorious, and unprofitable war, the Austrian Government finds that even Bavaria is willing to join the German Customs' Union. The provinces which have been wrested from Denmark will become political dependencies of Prussia, even if they are nominally provided with a dynasty of their own. If Austrian consent is really necessary to the annexation of Lauenburg, it is probable that the required sanction will either be withheld, or exchanged for some valuable consideration; but if Prussia declines all direct territorial aggrandisement, it will be difficult for Austria to exact compensation for the establishment of the AUGUSTENBURG family on the ducal throne. No guarantee for Venetia has yet been obtained, and the King is believed to disapprove of interference with the non-German interests of Austria. The proceedings of the Diet will show whether the two great Powers still continue to compete for German supremacy. It is possible that some of the petty Princes may have taken alarm at Prussian ambition, but, on the whole, Count BISMARCK has largely increased the influence of his Government.

The future disposition of Schleswig and Holstein can be of little interest to the Danes. Whether under a duke of their own or as Prussian provinces, their resources will be equally available for all German purposes. Denmark, however, has probably purchased, though at a heavy cost, exemption from future encroachment. There is no longer a pretext for foreign interference, as the remaining portions of the Kingdom are purely Scandinavian in blood, and as they are wholly unencumbered by foreign engagements. If the Danish Government had prudently consented in time to a division of Schleswig, the loss of the German portion of the Duchies would have been an injury rather to the pride of the nation than to its material interests. The amputation has now, unfortunately, removed more than the alien substance. There can be no more painful spectacle than the subjection of a kindred race to foreign rule; but there is already a strong German element even in Northern Schleswig, and the Danish language and manners will, in a generation or two, probably linger only amongst the lower part of the rural population. It is difficult to define the actual evil of a decline from the rank of a third-rate to that of a fourth-rate Power. The late war has shown that Denmark was incapable of opposing permanent resistance to a powerful neighbour, and the dignity and advantage of independent sovereignty are still retained. By a singular accident, the new dynasty is allying itself with the greatest reigning houses of Europe

at the moment when the fortunes of the country have sunk to the lowest point; and, at the other end of the Continent, a member of the GLUCKSBURG family is attempting to convert a shadowy royalty into a serious control over contending factions. In former times, the aggrandisement of the House of GLUCKSBURG would have been regarded as some compensation for the public disasters. The Danes are not likely to be so easily consoled, but they appear to bear their losses with silent dignity. It would be unreasonable to expect that they should acknowledge their own diplomatic mistakes, and they have some ostensible excuse for throwing the blame on the backwardness of their allies. Their resistance was sufficient to prove the courage of the army and the efficiency of the fleet; but a small force provided with old-fashioned weapons can present no serious impediment to the advance of one of the great European armies, with its inexhaustible reserves and its perfect material organization. The Confederates of the Southern American States have alone, in modern times, revived the ancient precedents of Greece, and surpassed the glories of Switzerland and Holland. As Denmark must in any case have been finally overwhelmed, it is well that the inevitable submission was not postponed until the country had been irretrievably ruined; but if Jutland had been Virginia, the invaders would have bought their conquest dearly. The terms which have been imposed on the vanquished belligerent, and the proceedings of the Prussian commanders in Jutland, have furnished additional illustrations of the tendency of war to supersede all theoretical limitations of the right of force. There is such a thing as international public opinion, but the stronger party can always find plausible excuses for profiting by his superiority. The Danes assert that they have been more hardly treated than the Piedmontese after Novara, and, if this complaint is just, the difference may be explained by the security of the German Powers from all contingent opposition. Even after a crushing defeat, Piedmont retained the hope of raising Italy against Austria, and it was always possible that France might interfere to restrain the preponderance of a traditional rival. Since the refusal of the great Powers to interfere for the protection of Denmark, Germany has nothing to fear from Danish irritation or despair. The pecuniary conditions of the treaty of peace lead to the belief that the portion of the burden has been properly allotted to the Duchies. Denmark, however, will be encumbered with a heavy debt, as a penalty for not having calculated more accurately the chances of a hopeless conflict.

The most considerable result of the war is not the disruption of the Danish Monarchy, but the appearance of Germany as a conquering Power in Europe, and the rapid extension of Prussian influence within the Confederation. Some English writers have obstinately persisted in the assertion that an ambitious policy endangers the actual territories of Germany; but ancient and modern experience point to the opposite persuasion, that the strong man keeps his house in peace when he is known to be armed, and not because he is supposed to be quiet and inoffensive. The Germans have never been so entirely unanimous as in the enterprise against Denmark, although there were many preliminary disputes as to the method and the instruments by which the national object was to be attained. They are now disposed to condone the supercilious bearing of Prussia in consideration of the satisfaction which has been afforded to the common aspirations, and the Minister who seemed only a year ago to be the object of general abhorrence is probably at present more powerful than any other German statesman of the present generation. Successful insolence is sometimes a highly popular quality, and the contempt which has been repeatedly expressed by Count BISMARCK for the Prussian Parliament is almost forgotten in the defiance which has been addressed with impunity to foreign Powers. By history, by

inclination, and by interest, Prussia is an ambitious State, and any Government which can command the practical obedience of the minor German Princes will receive the support of the large portion of the community which desires to promote national unity. The party which has hitherto conducted the agitation for that object has often displayed democratic tendencies, but the Danish war has done more for the cause than many meetings and speeches. The Diet will probably be content to register the decision of the Prussian Minister when it discusses the succession to the vacant ducal throne; for the question would scarcely have been left to its arbitrament unless the result had been practically settled beforehand. The growth of Prussian power is alarming to Austria, and perhaps it may be unwelcome to France; but England has no reason to object to a change in the balance of power which is in entire conformity to the best political traditions.

MÜLLER'S TRIAL.

THE trial of FRANZ MÜLLER for the murder of Mr. BRIGGS ended much as all sensible people believed that it must end. From first to last the case was one of the simplest and least romantic kind. To compare it in dramatic character with THURTELL'S, or to range the evidence connected with it in the same rank of legal importance with that produced on such a trial as PALMER'S or SMETHURST'S, would be futile. The public mind was stirred deeply because the case showed the insecurity of daily and ordinary life, and because the chase of a suspected murderer across the Atlantic could not but be interesting. The novelty of the crime consisted in the place in which it was committed; and the practical moral to be derived from it scarcely reaches further than the necessity of modifying the privacy of first-class railway carriages. Mr. BRIGGS' murder, and its detection, and the circumstance that a steamer beat a sailing ship in the voyage to New York, give an opportunity to schoolboys to quote HORACE; but the *Raro antecedentem scelustum* was much more strikingly exemplified in the arrest of TAWELL, the Quaker murderer, by means of the electric telegraph, then in its neglected infancy. And as to the proof of the crime, it is simplicity and clearness itself. A man is robbed and murdered at ten o'clock on Saturday night; on Monday morning, at nine o'clock, a valuable portion of the stolen property is offered for sale by a certain person. In this same person's possession is also found, after some interval, the rest of the stolen property. A hat, made by the murdered man's hatter, and as closely identified as the murdered man's as it is possible to identify a hat, is also found in the same person's possession. This same man's own hat—or at least a hat which, out of all the millions of hats in England, is, by a peculiarity in its lining, reduced to one of two (or at most three) hats, one of which two or three was certainly this same man's hat—is found on the scene of the murder. This, stripped of unnecessary details, was the case against MÜLLER. What he had to do, and what he must do, to rebut this evidence, was to show how he came by the murdered man's property, and where he was at the time of the murder. His answer is, that he bought Mr. BRIGGS' chain of a pedlar at the London Docks; that he had been in possession of Mr. BRIGGS' watch for two years; that, as to the hat alleged to be Mr. BRIGGS', he had only to suggest that it might have been bought at second-hand, but of whom he does not say; that, as to the other hat, it was not his, but perhaps that only one and solitary hat in the whole world which had the same lining; and that, as to his time on the fatal Saturday night, he was in that exact part of London at which Mr. BRIGGS took the railway. After such evidence, with such a proof on the one side and such an answer on the other, unless conviction had followed, it would have been preposterous to think of ever trying another charge of murder.

And yet it is not to be denied—and it is a serious aspect of society—that there is an impression, more or less prevalent, that there might have been stronger proof. It is said that, after all, this is only circumstantial evidence; that a possible explanation of every fact adduced against MÜLLER is conceivable; that, now it is all over, there are some doubts about the case; and, moreover, "We don't see sufficient motive for the crime; MÜLLER is a remarkably mild and gentle young man; there could not have been time for the murder; and somebody says that there were two men in the carriage with Mr. BRIGGS." It is perhaps worth while to examine some of the language thus commonly used on the subject. The evidence is "only circumstantial." And what evidence is other than circumstantial? or rather, in such a case, what evidence can there be at all which is not circumstantial?

And is circumstantial evidence less trustworthy than what is called direct evidence? In such a case as this, we can quite understand that direct evidence is physically possible. Were railway carriages constructed, as they ought to be, with a pane of glass between every two compartments, that remarkable witness, Mr. LEE, might have given what is called direct evidence in this case. As a fact, he was in the very next carriage to Mr. BRIGGS. Yet, suppose that he had heard a noise, and had actually seen the murderous assault, would such a testimony have been more valuable or trustworthy than what was produced on the trial? Would it have been as valuable? What more easy, or indeed more natural, than to insist on the danger of hanging a man on the mere unsupported evidence of a single alleged eyewitness—that witness, it may be, odd in character and loose in assertion; perhaps prejudiced, perhaps excited, perhaps unintelligent? We do not intend to pass a stronger opinion on Mr. LEE than that he gave the strangest evidence ever given in a court of justice, as the SOLICITOR-GENERAL remarked. And, on the whole, had he been a direct witness to the fact, his testimony would have been, in our eyes, far less valuable than the silent evidence of the watch, the chain, and the hats. The fact is, in contrasting direct with circumstantial evidence, we are apt to forget that human testimony is not an infallible guide to truth. We disbelieve an historian upon certain critical grounds; but we must believe in a fossil, because a fossil can neither be deceived nor deceive. Why, then, in a case of murder, should we ask for what, after all, may be the most fallible of proofs—that of an alleged eyewitness—and affect to disparage inferences which inevitably follow from material facts about which there can be no dispute?

But still, we are told, there is a "doubt" in the case; or, to put it at the strongest, every single item of proof against the accused may be doubted. There can be no question of it. There is no single alleged fact in the world upon which some doubt may not be cast. It is possible to frame an hypothesis which might, in a sense, account for each particular fact in this case. It is in evidence that, up to the day of the murder, MÜLLER seems to have had no money; but then he may have been of a hoarding, sly character. He could not, or at any rate did not, redeem his own watch; but this may have been a perverse crotchet. Although he did not choose to spend his money in redeeming his own watch, it does not necessarily follow that he may not have chosen to spend it in buying another. It is not very likely that on Sunday or on Monday, before nine o'clock, he met with a Jew pedlar at the Docks, especially as he was otherwise engaged; but the thing is just possible. If the hat cut down and altered was not Mr. BRIGGS' hat, MÜLLER must have purchased it somewhere, and he might have said where he got it. But, though he could give no account of his possession of this remarkable head-gear, and though people usually know how they get their hats, he may have had a very treacherous memory. Again, as to the hat left in the railway carriage, there were only two or three such hats ever made. MÜLLER may have bought one, and the murderer another; and it is conceivable that these two possessors of the two hats might fall into the relation of the real and suspected murderers. That is to say, it is about as conceivable as that, by shaking a dozen alphabets in a hat, the letters would come out in the order of the first six lines of the *Iliad*. In other words, it is always, or almost always, possible to give two very different accounts of any one fact. But the question is not whether a barely possible account of any given single fact can be ingeniously framed so as, in the regions of conjecture, to be just not absolutely incompatible with the guilt of the accused; but whether a number of facts all pointing one way can be got rid of, and all of them so satisfactorily disposed of as to be severally and collectively capable of a credible explanation which shall be consistent with innocence. There may be no absolute physical impossibility in any one of the various hypotheses which we have suggested as to each part of the evidence against MÜLLER; but is it conceivable that this combination of most improbable occurrences should have ever met in one case? And this is the fallacy which is at the bottom of the so-called doubts in MÜLLER'S case. Those doubts rest on ignorance of the value of the cumulation of facts. Of course there are doubts; at least doubts can be suggested. It is always the business of the prisoner's counsel to suggest doubts to the jury, taking his chance whether those doubts are reasonable—reasonable, that is, not only each in itself, but reasonable when taken together—or whether, as often happens, a stolid jurymen may not refuse to convict if the shadow of a doubt, however unreasonable, flits across his mind.

The real value of MÜLLER'S case consists in this—

that it gave the CHIEF BARON occasion to repeat with emphasis Lord TENTEDEN's dictum, as consistent with common sense as with law, that in criminal trials it is only necessary to have that certainty with which men are contented to transact their own most important concerns. Unless criminal proceedings are based upon this principle, they are a mere mockery. Those trials are most satisfactory in which the evidence consists chiefly of what is invidiously called circumstantial proof, because circumstantial proof is proof of a vast number of minute facts which it would be next to impossible to pre-arrange. Further, those trials are most satisfactory in the decision of which something must be left to the ordinary intelligence and inferential powers of the usual run of mankind—that is, when jurymen have to reason and conclude as they do in the ordinary concerns of common life, and are not obliged to accept *en bloc* the single testimony of a human witness. And, once more, those verdicts are most satisfactory which are based on the acceptance of facts the proof of which, though not mathematically certain, recommends itself to the sober and average judgment of common sense, and on the rejection of conjectural and paradoxical hypotheses which, though barely possible, are in the highest degree unreasonable. If people would but pause, and think what is the meaning of the words so glibly used—proof, evidence, probability, certainty, doubt, credibility, testimony, and reasonable—we might be spared some of the nonsense which has been talked in so-called discussions of MÜLLER's case.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE supporters of the Republican candidate for the American Presidency possess the merit which HORACE ascribes to a vigorous character—of holding that nothing is done as long as anything remains to do. Although they are, apparently, certain of success, they employ all the legitimate and irregular resources of the art of electioneering as carefully as if the scale between Republican and Democrat might be turned by a feather. Amongst other contrivances for determining possibly doubtful votes, they have looked across the water to England, as an agent in a contested borough sometimes applies to the distant patron or creditor of a wavering elector. MR. BRIGHT has been induced to express, in a letter to MR. GREELEY, that devotion to MR. LINCOLN's cause which might safely have been taken for granted. If any Americans like to encourage the interference of foreigners in their domestic contests, they are entitled to gratify their taste, and, in the present instance, the Republicans have the excuse of appealing to a sympathy which could scarcely be expected from a stranger. MR. BRIGHT, some time since, explained his habit of using censorious language at home, by stating that, when he was satisfied with political affairs, he was also contented to be silent. His passionate attachment to America, or rather to the Republican party in the North, naturally transcends the limits which bound his calmer English patriotism. In favour of the principles represented by MR. LINCOLN, he has forgotten his dislike to war, nor has he at any time expressed even the faintest disapproval of the destruction of property, of the prohibition of commerce, or of the institution of extravagant protective duties. No born American more openly prefers the Republic to the rest of the world, or more passionately identifies the nation of his choice with the faction to which he is allied. The majority in the Northern States, which is willing to sacrifice all other considerations to the revival of the Union, may safely accept the testimony, or rather the opinion, of a sincere, consistent, and intolerant partisan. Yet it seems strange that Republicans should require an additional reason for voting for their own candidate, and Democrats are not likely to attach any special weight to MR. BRIGHT's opinions. Perhaps it is thought that a fresh impulse may be given to the zeal of the dominant party by MR. BRIGHT's assertion that the enemies of the Union in England desire the election of General M'CLELLAN.

It is certainly not unreasonable that the zealous promoters of the war should wish for the election of a President who repudiates all projects of peace except on terms of unconditional submission. General M'CLELLAN utters nearly the same professions as MR. LINCOLN, but, even if he is personally sincere, it is known that his ablest supporters pursue an entirely opposite policy. The pretence that the Government has mismanaged the war has been tacitly abandoned, as it is perfectly obvious that no Democratic President could have expended more men or more money in the struggle. General M'CLELLAN differs from MR. LINCOLN only in his willingness to receive the repentant Confederates to his mercy, without

insisting on the abolition of slavery. The issue is practically unimportant as long as the Southern leaders insist on a recognition of independence; but the War-Democrats have persuaded themselves that the Union may be restored on the basis of a renewed alliance with the slaveholders, and they are probably justified in their belief that a majority of their countrymen would refuse to continue the war for the exclusive benefit of the despised negro. Confederate writers have almost unanimously expressed their indifference to the election of the Northern President, and they have eagerly repudiated the assumption that they sympathize with M'CLELLAN. Their partisans in England are, perhaps, more hostile to MR. LINCOLN; but impartial politicians, if they understand the interests of their own country, wish, in all American contests, that that party which is permanently the stronger should win. Before the election of 1860, the Democrats had long been the rulers of America, and there was little reason, as long as their tenure was secure, to fear that they would cultivate popularity by the exhibition of special animosity to England. Judicious observers, accordingly, were well pleased when BUCHANAN defeated FREMONT, and their foresight was justified by a series of Presidential Messages which scarcely contained a single gratuitous insult to England. At present, the Republicans have every advantage over their adversaries, and should their predominance be confirmed by the election of their candidate, the political equilibrium will be temporarily stable. General M'CLELLAN could only succeed through some accidental combination of parties, or in consequence of the irritation which might be caused by an unexpected military disaster. His Government would be suspected of lukewarmness in the national cause, and it would probably repel the imputation by some offensive language to England. Officious protests against slavery might, as in former times, serve as a pretext for exciting popular prejudice against alien intervention. Democratic speakers and writers were in the habit, some years ago, of holding up Englishmen to odium, for no better reason than that they had bought innumerable copies of *Uncle Tom*. The Republicans have an equally good excuse for hating the Mother-country in the fact that its educated classes hesitate to adopt Mrs. Stowe's opinions in bulk.

MR. BRIGHT, though he is a sincere and zealous opponent of slavery, agrees with his American allies in caring for the preservation of the Union even more earnestly than for the emancipation of the negro. He believes that the re-election of MR. LINCOLN will prove that Republican institutions are capable of carrying a country safely through the most desperate perils; nor is he concerned to inquire whether the Constitution can be applied to the conquered South, as there is no question that the Government, whatever may be its character, will retain a Republican form. There is no doubt that American institutions have been found highly conducive to the vigorous prosecution of war. Even a despotic ruler is less unrestrained than a Government which is supported by an eager and unscrupulous majority. MR. LINCOLN has been encouraged to disregard legal restrictions by the knowledge that his countrymen are more intolerant of disabling scruples than of dictatorial irregularities. He has drawn without stint on an apparently inexhaustible fund of credit, and thus far he has been able to fill up the depleted ranks of the army by requisitions which have, from first to last, extended to more than two millions of men. The Constitution, or rather the Republican system, will be more severely tested if perfect success in war makes an opening for the experiment of governing a hostile community. Northern politicians hope to exterminate or to dispossess the Southern landowners in favour of immigrants, of military settlers, and perhaps of indigenous traitors, who may be bribed by grants of lands to desert the cause of their countrymen. It is barely possible that the project may prove to be practicable, but experience offers little encouragement to modern conquerors. In Poland, the Russians have failed in a precisely similar policy, applied to a far less intelligent and vigorous population. Patriotic sentiment, especially when it is sustained by heroic memories, has generally proved too strong for personal interest. The inhabitants of the South have thus far displayed marvellous unanimity, and, in spite of the most unscrupulous confiscations, they will outnumber the future immigrants, and perhaps they will make them, like the English of the Irish Pale, "*Meridionalibus ipsis Meridionaliores*"—more Confederate than the Confederates themselves.

There is no reason to suppose that MR. LINCOLN and his friends have ever taken the trouble to consider what is to be done with four millions of emancipated negroes. They will certainly not be accepted as equals and fellow-citizens either by the Northern or Southern whites; and

there is reason to believe that General BANKS's statesman-like experiment of negro serfage in Louisiana has failed through the steady opposition of all the subordinate agents of the plan. The North-Western States, which represent more nearly than the distant Atlantic regions the feelings of the South, have, in several instances, legislated since the commencement of the war against the immigration of coloured persons into their territories. The planters would probably feel a deeper hostility to their liberated slaves, and they will have little difficulty in persuading the poorer classes that the negro, if he is emancipated, will be an obnoxious competitor for wages. Questions of this kind must be dealt with, to the best of its judgment, by the community in which they arise; but there is, to say the least, some boldness in undertaking to conquer a great country for the sake of assuming so arduous a responsibility. It is at least unnecessary for foreigners to become superfluous partners in an enterprise which may end in gigantic failure. Few Englishmen share the unpromising enthusiasm for the United States which relieves Mr. BRIGHT from hesitation.

MR. LOWE ON EXAMINATIONS.

MR. LOWE'S courage in upholding unpopular opinions is well-known, and the fact that the taste for universal examination is obviously on the decline probably decided him to strike a blow in its behalf. But the effort is not likely to produce any other effect than to confirm the general belief in the unflinching pertinacity of the speaker who made it. It was a waste of talent to attempt to prolong the life of a decaying illusion. Panegyrics upon American freedom, demonstrations of the impossibility of war, meditations upon the perfectibility of felons, aspirations for the examination of the whole human race, all belong to a time that has gone by. They all have a somewhat stale and faded flavour now. Time was when they were fresh and sparkling, and when they fed many a heated brain with brilliant visions. They were the follies with which the century flirted when it was younger, but we have grown older and wiser since then. A reminder of our earlier delusions jars upon the ear. It is uncongenial to the English public in its present cautious, disillusioned, and somewhat cynical frame of mind, and is as unpleasant as it is for a busy middle-aged man to light upon the MS. draft of his youthful schemes for the regeneration of the world. It does not, however, follow that it is unwholesome. A speaker does good service in forcing the public to go over again the steps by which they have arrived at any accepted conclusion, even when he does it by reproducing a set of opinions that were thought to have been buried.

The difficulty is to find any palpable, substantial argument upon which the rage for examinations which prevailed ten years ago could possibly be based. The public mind was hardly convinced—it was overwhelmed. A horde of schoolmasters suddenly swept down upon our peaceful land, and imposed a belief in examinations, as the Mahometans did a belief in the Koran, upon those whom they had subjugated. But it is difficult now to understand how they induced us to swallow, at the same time, the arguments by which they tried to make their requirements more palatable. The merits and demerits of an examination, what it can do, and what it cannot do, are so perfectly plain and simple that it is puzzling how they could ever have been misapprehended. It is an admirable device for the purposes of the schoolmaster as he was in his original condition, and before he went forth to take the State by storm. It will discover this one thing—what a man has learnt. What he has learned to remember, and how he has learned to express it, may be ascertained in this manner. But what he is capable of doing, how he will act in difficult circumstances, what power he has of controlling men, or of despatching business, or of working the organization of an administrative department—these things examination cannot ascertain. Neither can it discover his moral qualities, his sense of honour, or his temper in dealing with others. It furnishes a trustworthy testimony of proficiency at school or college; but that proficiency is not the only condition of success in life, nor is it the chief condition. On the contrary, there is a decided antagonism between the qualities which enable a man to get on at his books and those which enable him to get on in life. It would be going much too far to say that the two sets of qualities are never combined; but, in the main, the successful student and the successful man of the world are marked by characteristics totally distinct. The value of an examination for indicating the future of those who pass it is very small indeed. It records how they have spent the period of their lives which

they are closing, and how they have acted in the condition they are quitting. But, as that differs enormously from the condition upon which they are about to enter, the record is not of much use for the purposes of forecast. It will be a great misfortune if the University local examinations should come to be put to the use to which Mr. Lowe tries to turn them. He desires the certificates which they confer to be accepted by the world at large as certificates of the probable competency of their recipients for the occupations they may subsequently follow. He even goes so far as to recommend them as guides to young ladies in the most momentous choice of their lives. A young man is to make his way in his mistress's affections, not, as of old, by a sonnet to her eyebrows, but by the exhibition of a certificate of his own proficiency in Cicero and conic sections. In a later portion of his speech Mr. Lowe advises that ladies should be admitted to the privilege of a similar ordeal. When that reform has been accomplished, love-making will no doubt be a much simpler proceeding than it is now. It will be far easier to exchange certificates than to compose mutual *billets-doux*. In that happy era, a valentine will consist of a sum in rule of three, done without a mistake; and a serenade will take the form of a musical recitation of extracts from the Greek Grammar. The laws of the Divorce Court must, of course, be modified to suit the altered state of things; and, instead of proving a *faux pas*, the witnesses will only be called upon to establish a false quantity. Whether the young ladies of Nottingham, to whom this suggestion is specially directed by Mr. Lowe, will be inclined to adopt it, remains to be seen. But a more serious attempt is being made by many busy persons to induce employers of labour to accept these certificates as recommendations for employment. If they listen to such proposals, it is easy to foresee that the local examinations will soon fall into disrepute. A prizeman will probably be a youth of facile memory and ready tongue, but it by no means follows that he will have great capacity for the actual work of life; and every instance of failure will be charged by the aggrieved employer to the account of the Oxford Local Examinations. Their real advantage is that they will stimulate the somewhat lagging energies of middle-class schoolmasters; and the attempt to twist them to any other use will only injure them.

It is, of course, true that all kinds of excellence are so far analogous that there are some defects which disqualify equally for all; and that any kind of test, however foreign to the intended career of those to whom it is applied, will so far be of service that it will exclude those who are worthless for all careers. Mr. Lowe, whose earliest successes were academical, has an instinctive reverence for the scholastic test which he cannot shake off. He cannot bring himself to admit the absurdity of applying it to the public offices; so he takes shelter behind the general principle that the most incompetent people are excluded by any test. "People may say that it does not follow, because a man has passed a successful examination, that therefore he will make the best servant. Perhaps so. But examination is valuable, not so much for its positive as for its negative side. The amount of stupidity, incapacity, and idleness excluded by the simple requirement of a tolerably strict examination is enormous." Other enthusiasts might apply this argument with equal force in a different direction. Suppose, for instance, that a man were to rise to eminence in public affairs who, in his youth, had been a distinguished member of the prize-ring. He would naturally put a high value upon the occupations of his youth, and propose that the public offices should be opened freely to pugilistic competition; and he would have a good deal to say for the proposal. He might argue, like the upholders of the scholastic test, that to be a good pugilist required many qualities that would be of the utmost value in a public office. Robust health, unflagging application, imperturbable patience, perfect self-command, great readiness of resource in emergencies, would be among the qualities that successful pugilism would ensure. Likewise, following the same example, he might show that distinction in the prize-ring necessarily involved many moral virtues. Such a development of muscle could not be acquired without the most careful industry and the utmost temperance; and the habit of coming up to time would be extremely valuable in a Government clerk, and would also be perfectly novel. He might safely add that no successful pugilist could be a drunkard, or a debauchee, or a gamester, or indulge in any kind of bodily excess. And he might conclude with the argument of Mr. Lowe, that the pugilistic test is valuable, not so much for its positive as for its negative side—not so much because of those whom it selects as of those whom it rejects. People might say that it did not follow that the man

who had won the belt would therefore make the best public servant. Perhaps so. But the amount of debauchery, and laziness, and valetudinarianism which would be excluded by the simple requirement of the pugilistic test, would be enormous. We are by no means sure that such an arguer would not have the best of it. It is a question for consideration, whether a department full of pugilists would not be quite as effective for the purposes of the public service as a department full of pigs.

If Mr. Lowe had only applied to the public service his own idea of testing by results, he would hardly have given his countenance to this decaying folly. What is wanted, not only in the public service, but in every other, is not examination, but probation. A man's power of doing a given duty cannot be ascertained by the way in which he has performed another duty of a diametrically opposite kind. It can only be ascertained by setting him to work at the duty he is to perform. The difference between examination and probation, as a test for fitness in a public office, is all the difference between an *a priori* theory and actual experiment. We do not say that this substitute for examination could be well adopted by the young ladies to whom Mr. Lowe recommends his panacea. But the employers of labour, who have always used it, would commit a great error if they were seduced into abandoning it for any testimonial so unsatisfactory as that of a scholastic certificate. Mr. Lowe curiously confounds the two when he says that all who win their own bread pass their lives in a long examination. "The barrister, when cross-examining a witness, the clergyman in his pulpit, the physician attending his patient, the statesman in the House of Commons, are all really undergoing examination." What they really are undergoing is probation. They are being tried, not for what they can repeat, or for what they have learnt in the vocation they are leaving, but for what they can actually do in the profession they are pursuing and intending to pursue.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

IT is always difficult in this country for a department entrusted with novel duties to establish itself on a footing of equality by the side of older offices of State. The Board of Trade, in spite of the increasing importance of its work, has felt this difficulty very keenly, and its existence has been a continual struggle to get its advice taken and its views respected. In theory, it is the recognised counsellor on commercial matters of every other branch of the public service, and of Parliamentary Committees to boot; but the indifference with which its reports on railway matters are regarded by the great tribunal of five to which a Railway Bill is referred seems to be paralleled by the coolness with which its opinions are treated by the more exalted departments of administration. The Treasury and the Colonial Office are said, in the recent report upon the subject, to have almost left off consulting the Commercial Board; while the India Office has entirely broken off the connexion, and trusts to its own wisdom to determine all such matters as Indian tariffs and trade regulations in a manner which is not always acceptable to the trading classes at home. The Foreign Office, being charged with the duty of protecting our commercial interests abroad, still continues, in a clumsy fashion, to take the opinion of the PRESIDENT of the Board of Trade; but it is quite optional with the FOREIGN SECRETARY to go through this form, and when he has done so, the report given may be followed or thrown into the waste-paper basket as he pleases, without the necessity of assigning any reasons for the course adopted. The consequence of these uncomfortable relations is, that no one—not even the PRESIDENT of the Board of Trade himself—knows very well what the functions of the department are, and commercial men with a grievance which may call for instant redress scarcely know where they ought to apply, and are coming very rapidly to the opinion that it is not much use applying anywhere. If they go, on a matter affecting foreign commerce, to the PRESIDENT of the Board of Trade, they find that he can do nothing but send a suggestion to the Foreign Office, which may or may not be attended to, or even understood. If they make a direct attack on the FOREIGN SECRETARY, they are told that it is impossible for him to give an answer, because he must consult the Board of Trade. Sometimes an attempt is made to hedge the risk by sending deputations to both the rival offices; but then they are apt to set the two departments at cross-purposes, and to open up new causes of delay and disappointment.

The increasing volume of complaints of this kind led to the appointment of the Select Committee which has just reported.

Whether its recommendations, if adopted, would remedy the mischief, nothing but experience can prove, but the report does undoubtedly reveal an amount of friction between the departments which is quite incompatible with harmonious working. The question for the Committee was really one of extreme difficulty. Some years ago, it was the fashion to talk of Administrative Reform as a task which a few energetic men of business would be able to carry through with the greatest facility; but though the problem "How not to do it" was solved by the funniest of novelists, it was found easier to expose palpable evils than to devise the appropriate remedy, and the end was that the so-called Administrative Reformers contrived in a very short time to make themselves a laughing-stock to the country. They never sufficiently recognised the extreme difficulty of organizing so complex a concern as the government of a great country on a basis that would work. The anomalous position of the Board of Trade is a striking example of this difficulty. After all, administrative organization means nothing more than appropriate division of labour; but how to apportion the various sections of Government work, when every part is interlaced with every other, is a problem which it needs something like genius to solve. That the trade of England is of sufficient importance to demand a department of Government specially devoted to its interests, looks, at first sight, almost a truism. But, once accept the principle, and a whole crop of difficulties immediately springs up. Commerce stretches out its arms all over the world, and in some way or other the Commercial Department must operate upon the special fields which belong to the Foreign, the Colonial, and the Indian Offices, as well as within the limits of the United Kingdom. If it is to interpose with effect, it must be able to summon to its aid the power of all these separate departments, and to obtain the assistance it may require from diplomatists and consuls all over the world. To carry this out involves a choice of evils. Either the PRESIDENT of the Board of Trade must confine himself to praying the co-operation of the superior Secretaries of State, who may neither appreciate nor understand his views, or else the diplomatic and consular agents who are appointed by the Foreign Office must learn to serve two masters, and report on political matters to the one, and upon commercial business to the other. The practice which has actually grown up is perhaps the worst possible compromise between these two alternative arrangements. For some purposes connected with the mercantile marine, the Board of Trade is in direct communication with consuls abroad. On all other subjects, its foreign business is conducted through the Foreign Office by correspondence between the Under-Secretaries; but as there is no bureau of the Foreign Office specially charged with this correspondence, it results almost inevitably that the commercial branch of foreign affairs is neglected by the one department, because it feels that it is not its own business, and imperfectly done by the other, because it has no power of independent action. Power and responsibility are divided, with the usual consequences.

Of the two conflicting proposals for the removal of these inconveniences, we are inclined to think that the Committee have chosen the less objectionable. One plan, which was supported by Mr. CARDWELL, whose authority is high in such matters, amounted in effect to the annihilation of the Board of Trade, so far at least as its influence extends beyond the shores of these islands. The scheme was to organize a little Board of Trade as a subordinate branch of each of the principal departments. The Foreign Office would thus have within itself the power to deal with commercial questions, and would, it was thought, despise them less than when they were considered to belong to a different office. A similar arrangement for each of the other great departments would make them equally self-sufficing, and a good deal of official friction would no doubt be got rid of by this arrangement. But the fatal blot upon the project is that there would be no guarantee for consistent action in commercial matters. The commercial department of the Foreign Office might work on one set of principles, and that of the Colonial Office on another; while both might be at variance with the Board of Trade itself, which would retain the regulation of domestic mercantile affairs. What our merchants above all things need is a single office to which they may resort in every emergency by which their business, whether at home or abroad, may be affected, and it would be in vain to simplify the internal economy of each separate department if the access to the right authority should be rendered more embarrassing than ever. There would be some danger, too, that the commercial branch of the Foreign Office would command little attention from its chiefs, and that it would become more and more difficult to rouse the

Government to a due appreciation of the views of the mercantile community. However much the Board of Trade may have failed in obtaining the practical influence which it ought to enjoy, the remedy would seem to be rather to strengthen its hands than to cut it up into fragments and distribute it among political offices which have shown a decided distaste for this kind of business.

It is on this view that the recommendations of the Committee are based. They desire to give more power to the Board of Trade, and, above all, to enable it to command more respect than it has hitherto done from the other departments. For this purpose, they would authorize it to communicate with the diplomatic and consular services without any further supervision of the Foreign Office than is necessary to prevent actual conflict between the two. In other words, the Board of Trade is, on this plan, henceforth to conduct its own business by the aid of the staff whom the Foreign Office appoints, instead of merely asking the FOREIGN SECRETARY to do it. That some inconvenience might result from this arrangement is likely enough, when it is considered how apt political and commercial questions are to become entangled with one another; but it is thought that this danger may be met by requiring the correspondence to pass through the Foreign Office, so as to keep the Board of Trade within its legitimate province, and prevent it from encroaching on the domain of foreign politics. The success of such a scheme must evidently depend on the temper in which it is worked, and the Committee, with charming simplicity, recommend that the opinion of the Board of Trade should have more weight than it has been the fashion to attribute to it. As a means of fostering the desired respect, it is suggested that the President of the Board of Trade (or the Secretary of Trade, as he might more properly be called, for the Board is a mere fiction) should always be a Cabinet Minister; and further, that the Foreign Office should appoint special officers to conduct its correspondence with the Board of Trade. It is possible that this project might work, and, if it did, it would remove the evil which has been most complained of. The department of commerce would become a real power, capable of acting as well as advising, and every merchant who had to seek redress, or to offer suggestions, would know in what quarter to make his application. But it would be essential to success that all trace of official jealousy should vanish, and that the agents of the Foreign Office abroad should learn to treat their new masters with the same respect which they pay to their immediate superiors. No doubt they would take their tone from the office who appointed them, and if the Foreign Office was determined to give the new scheme a fair trial, any difficulties on the part of its subordinates would speedily vanish. But it is noticeable that, while the officials of the Board of Trade admit that the complaints of its inefficient working are not without foundation, the opinion of the Foreign Office seems to be that things go on quite well enough under the present régime, and that, if there are any defects, they are part of the eternal fitness of things and altogether incapable of remedy. This is not a very promising temper in which to approach a project of reform; but if the plan were once organized, it is not to be supposed that any obstacles would be put in the way of the experiment. As an experiment, at least, it is worthy of a trial, for it could scarcely make the public conduct of commercial affairs in connexion with foreign countries more cumbrous or less efficient than it is at present.

AMERICA.

MR. STEPHENS, Vice-President of the Confederate States, has addressed to some of his fellow-citizens in Georgia a letter on the abortive proposal of a Convention of States to be held for negotiating a peace. The Republicans have naturally taken this opportunity of taunting the Peace Democrats with their adoption of a plan which is not altogether unacceptable to the enemy. It is not surprising that Federals and Confederates should act in apparent concert when they are pursuing a common object, which can only be attained by the joint action of both belligerents. An Opposition, in time of war, is always accused of defective loyalty, and, in a civil contest, the charge is more plausible and more invidious. Mr. STEPHENS asserts that, as the plan of a Convention has failed, nothing can be done by the Confederates for the restoration of peace. In discussing the scheme, he incidentally shows that the Convention would only have been possible when it had already become unnecessary. The South must have renounced its claim of independence, or the North its hopes of conquest, before the States of the former Union could meet to consider and adjust

their future relations. According to Mr. STEPHENS, the Southern delegates would not have been authorized to bind their constituents by any resolution which might involve compulsory reunion; yet it seems idle to make peace, and afterwards to refer its provisions to a merely consultative Assembly. A Convention, according to the American usage of the word, implies a pre-existent unity, and a common purpose to be executed in the manner which may be approved by the majority. It is essentially necessary that all the members of the body should possess equal rights, and that all should agree to abide by the result of the discussion. The Northern advocates for peace would have, not unfairly, represented the meeting of a Convention as a practical retraction of the act of secession. Mr. STEPHENS, on the other hand, assumes that the United States would have been resolved into their original elements, so that they might have emerged from the Convention either individually or in any groups which might have been thought expedient. The greater part of Mr. STEPHENS' letter is devoted to a vindication of States' rights as the basis of political society in America. Four years ago the controversy possessed interest as one of those problems which admit of two contrary and equally tenable solutions; but, even if the dialectic conditions of the dispute were simpler than they are, a bloody and embittered war is not to be terminated by logic.

It must be evident to the combatants on both sides that States' rights and Federal pretensions will receive a more authoritative interpretation from the events of the campaign than from the most ingenious or forcible legal arguments. The North is perhaps beginning to doubt the decisive character of the recent victories, but no serious reverse has yet occurred to convince a sanguine community of the unsoundness of its confident anticipations. General GRANT has not been able to gain additional ground, but he has not relaxed his hold on the positions which he occupied in his last forward movement. He has probably waited for reinforcements from SHERIDAN, who was to be enabled to spare a part of his army by the destruction of all means of subsisting troops in the Shenandoah Valley. It was to prevent such a movement that LONGSTREET followed EARLY closely in his retreat to Strasburg, and commenced an attack on the enemy's position which for a time promised a brilliant victory. SHERIDAN's arrival on the field turned the scale against the assailants, and established the reputation of the Federal general as an able and fortunate commander. If it is true, however, that his loss amounted to 5,000 men, the main object of the Confederate operations will probably have been attained. It is now certain that the Northern accounts which represented EARLY's army as scattered and demoralized were exaggerated with even unusual license. The devastation of the valley has not produced its object of preventing offensive movements on the part of the Confederates, and it will not be safe to neglect any precaution in the presence of such an adversary as LONGSTREET. It is not impossible that GRANT may endeavour to achieve some brilliant success in time to influence the Presidential election; but it may be safely assumed that neither the President nor the Commander-in-chief has publicly avowed such a motive. The mixture of facts, of inferences, and of conjectures in the telegrams which contain almost all available American information, is highly inconvenient. The statement that three members of the Cabinet had proceeded to head-quarters to urge GRANT to fight a battle before the election, combines a statement of comparatively little importance with a guess which might have been made in London as easily as in New York. It is certainly remarkable that Mr. SEWARD and Mr. FESSENDEN should accompany their colleague of the War Department in a visit to the camp, but, if they wished to make military prudence subordinate to political interests, it was wholly unnecessary to provoke curiosity by a personal interview with General GRANT. As a defeat might possibly endanger Mr. LINCOLN's election, while a victory could scarcely increase his certainty of success, judicious partisans would perhaps wish that General GRANT should avoid all unnecessary risks until the day of election is past.

The war has been proceeding more actively in Georgia, and it would seem that SHERMAN was at first surprised by Hood's daring movement in his rear. If the contending armies were of nearly equal strength, the Federal commander would be in a dangerous position, in the heart of an enemy's country with his principal communication interrupted; but it is easier to keep a position than to win it, and SHERMAN has undoubtedly sufficient force to outnumber his adversary at any point where he may think fit to concentrate his army. It is stated that the main army at Atlanta has

provisions for several weeks, and as SHERMAN himself has marched northward, he will perhaps be able to repair the Chattanooga railroad in time to secure additional supplies before the beginning of winter. SHERMAN has hitherto shown greater military ability than HOOD, and he has greatly the advantage in material resources. The Confederate PRESIDENT has at last so far listened to the murmurs of the army as to place General BEAUREGARD in chief command of the Department of the West. It is not known whether General HOOD or his superior officer has devised the bold plan of once more transferring the war to the neighbourhood of Chattanooga. The Federal garrisons appear for the most part to have offered but feeble resistance to an unexpected attack, and the repulse which the assailants suffered at Allatoona was not sufficiently serious to interfere with their general operations. In the distant West, the Confederates have not found any adequate force to oppose them, and they practically possess nearly the whole right bank of the Mississippi. It will not be surprising if the polling operations in Missouri are subjected to rude interruption.

The pending election is conducted by the Republican party with an ostentatious unfairness which perhaps suits the singular American taste for vehemence, if not for violence. The North-Western States will probably give a large majority to LINCOLN, and the enthusiastic friends of freedom hope that the votes of the army will decide the choice of Pennsylvania. The Border States will, as far as possible, be reduced to a convenient unanimity by the simple process of excluding the Democratic party from the polling-booths by the illegal machinery of arbitrary tests. Mr. LINCOLN has thus far sustained his subordinate officer and future colleague in his extraordinary determination to limit the franchise to a section of the dominant party. Mr. BRIGHT would have used still stronger language in praise of the actual PRESIDENT if he had known the answer which he returned to certain dissatisfied citizens of Tennessee. There is an indifference to justice, to logic, and to every consideration except the triumph of a party, which points out the Republican candidate as the fittest representative of modern American doctrine and practice. The petitioners suggested that Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON's test ought to be withdrawn, so that the supporters of M'CLELLAN might not be reduced to the simple alternative of disfranchisement or perjury. Mr. LINCOLN answered that the memorial was drawn up, not in Tennessee, but in New York, and that "GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN" might conduct his election as he liked, and that he would himself do the same. An hereditary tyrant or aristocrat would have remembered that General M'CLELLAN had not the power to impose tests, and that a President desiring re-election ought to be placed on a level with any private candidate; but the cause of liberty all over the world is not to be sacrificed to any idle scruples in favour of fairness or of freedom. Mr. LINCOLN's apologists will probably assert, with some plausibility, that the question was a trap, and they will fail to discover that the PRESIDENT fell headlong into the snare. The Tennessee Democrats would have been effectually baffled if their request had been granted, as their object was fully attained when Mr. LINCOLN identified himself with Mr. JOHNSON's outrageous proceeding. As M'CLELLAN has no prospect of winning, the next best result for the Opposition will be an utterly illegal and unconstitutional election. It is true that there is no tribunal which can afford redress to the injured minority, but the reaction against Republican injustice will probably place the Democrats in power at the end of the ensuing Presidential term. Americans are not subject to the weakness of timidity in political affairs, but the most resolute optimist might be startled by the reflection that Mr. LINCOLN's death would place Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON in possession of the boundless prerogative which is now attached to the Presidency. The blessings of equality will be severely tried if the despotic tailor of Tennessee should, by an unfortunate accident, be transfigured into the civil and military ruler of the entire Union.

THE CASUAL POOR.

THE condition of the wandering—or, as they are called, the casual—poor of London has long been pointed out as a disgrace to our wealth and civilization. The misery which many of them endure in the winter is probably as extreme as is borne by any portion of our race. They are utterly destitute, hopeless, without employment or the chance of obtaining it, exposed to the rigour of an English climate, almost without shelter and without food. In other countries they might find a resource in the benevolence of their fellow-men. There is no lack of benevolence in England; but benevolence is

lulled to sleep, and the exercise of it is checked, by the professions of the law, which declares that every man has a legal right to sustenance. Most people believe that this profession represents a reality; and they are encouraged in this belief by the fact that the law has organized a costly machinery of relief, which they are rated heavily to support. But as regards the "casual" poor—the poorest of all the poor—this provision of relief has hitherto been little better than nominal. The Guardians are, it is to be presumed, anxious that the poor should be relieved; but they are much more anxious that their own parish should not be burdened with the cost of any relief to the provision of which any neighbouring parish might be supposed to be preferably, or even equally, bound. Every effort has hitherto been made by each parish to repel the casual poor from its own workhouse door, and pass them on to its neighbour. To this end the casual wards have been jealously limited, so that their capacity falls far short of the demand upon their space; and every winter evening numbers of applicants for that sustenance which the law professes to secure to all have been driven back, to be rescued by the chance charity of the streets, or to starve.

It is to be hoped that a means of removing this terrible reproach has been found at last. It has arisen out of the mutual jealousy of the parishes or unions, and that jealousy could not be allayed except by over-riding the parochial or union system of relief, on whose behalf so many conflicts have been fought. An equalized rate for the relief of the poor, levied over the whole metropolis, was the obvious remedy. But the proposal, though apparently unobjectionable, had many enemies to encounter. There were the theoretical champions of local self-government, who feared that their whole principle would be hazarded if any wider area were assigned to local taxation; and there were the far more practical politicians who lived in lightly-rated parishes, and who had obvious grounds for disliking a change which should force them to share the charges of their more burdened neighbours. The change, however, has at last been introduced, but in a thoroughly English fashion. The principle of metropolitan rating has not been admitted. The inequalities of the present system, under which St. George's in Southwark pays some ten times as much as St. George's Hanover Square, have not been removed. The grievances which they cause are, in a great measure, still untouched. But a portion of them, which pressed with peculiar and intolerable severity, have been selected for a special and temporary remedy. For next winter only, the Metropolitan Board of Works, which has as much to do with the relief of the poor as the Horse Guards or the Audit Office, has been charged with the duty of raising a small rate over the whole metropolis, out of which the several union parishes will be entitled to be reimbursed, up to a certain limit, for what they may spend in the relief of casual poor. This curious piece of legislation—involving, as it does, the commencement of an enormous change—was introduced at the end of July, when everybody was leaving town, and was hurried through all its stages just in time for the prorogation. The Poor-Law Board have just issued a circular giving detailed directions for its application; and there seems to be no doubt that it will be in effective operation during the impending winter, which will apparently be of a character to test its value.

For a temporary purpose it will probably be efficient. The Boards of Guardians seem to be alive to the discredit they have incurred; and, now that they are relieved from the overmastering apprehension lest by too great liberality they should be lightening each other's burdens, they are willing to co-operate heartily in carrying the Act into execution. It is not likely, however, that so eccentric a makeshift will be suffered to endure. The Act expires in April next; and Parliament, in the full vigour of the Session, will scarcely be persuaded to renew a provision for working the Poor Law through a Main Drainage office. It can scarcely avoid considering the general question of metropolitan rating. The opposition to any change has been deemed so strong that no Government has hitherto ventured to propose a general measure. So far as the opposition rests upon merely selfish interests, there is no reason for hoping that any argument will diminish it. But the number of members of Parliament who will seriously feel a small addition to the rates of their houses in Belgravia or Tyburnia is probably too small to be very formidable. The objections which rest on principle are likely to be abated whenever the subject is thoroughly discussed. The theory that an exemption from burdensome poor-rates is something in the nature of property, with which the law cannot meddle without violating the rights of property, is naturally a great

favourite with the owners of close parishes, and with residents at the extreme West end of London. But it is not one that will bear a moment's examination. The right, if such there be, was created by the 43rd of Elizabeth, which imposed upon the land the obligation of supporting the poor according to given conditions. If those conditions became thenceforth a matter of right with the landowners, it is clear that they became equally a matter of right with the other party who benefited by the statute—namely, the poor. The right of this or that bit of land to take such and such a share in the support of the poor, because it was so established by a statute three centuries ago, is obviously correlative to the right of the poor to be supported by the land according to the provisions established by the same statute. If the provisions have acquired the force of prescription and have become sacred, it necessarily follows that the landed interest was guilty of a gigantic act of repudiation in the year 1834, when it deliberately persuaded Parliament to put aside the provisions of the statute of Elizabeth, as too lavish to the poor and too burdensome to itself. The Act of 1834 can only be justified upon the theory that poor-rates are like any other taxes—that Parliament is bound to apportion them according to its own sense of justice, but that no kind of vested right or property can be acquired by the subject in this or that mode of apportionment. If the other view were taken, and the account between the poor and the land were adjusted according to the provisions of Elizabeth's statute, the land would get very much the worst of the calculation.

There is more force in the other argument which is commonly employed against proposals to treat the metropolis as a single union for purposes of Poor-law taxation. It would be a great calamity if the system of administering the Poor-law through local agency were given up; and if the consolidation of the London unions were likely to bring such a result about, the benefits would not compensate for the evil. But the argument is one of those which BENTHAM calls hobgoblin arguments. There is no connexion between the cause and the result. The fallacy lies in a refusal to see the enormous distance which separates the condition of great cities from that of rural parishes. There are parishes and there is parochial organization in both, but the identity of name represents no analogy of nature. The circumstances of a crowded city destroy the whole value of local government. The advantage which is obtained by confiding the administration of any law to those who are residing on the spot is not, assuredly, that their ability or experience is greater than might be found in the officers of a Central Government. On the contrary, in point of real administrative efficiency, they are probably far inferior to well-trained officials. But their value is that they are familiar with local circumstances, and feel a keen concern in local interests. The advantage of having men to govern a district who care for it, who are known and trusted in it, and who know the condition and character of those with whom they are dealing, is so great that it far outweighs all that could be gained from the business-like habits of an experienced administrator. In England we all know the value of this principle so well, that the mere suggestion that any measure is an encroachment on local government at once creates a prejudice against it. But its advantages are not to be found in a large city. There is there the name of local government, but it is the mere name. The vestrymen of a London parish, or the Guardians of a London Union, are not connected with their district in the sense in which a squire or a farmer is connected with the rural district in which he lives. The Londoner does not know his neighbours even within a stone's-throw of his house, still less the thousands who are reckoned by the REGISTRAR-GENERAL as forming the population of his parish. He is as much a stranger to them, and they to him, as though they lived in another city. It cannot be otherwise. The multitude of neighbours destroys the relation of neighbourhood. But it is idle to try, in such a state of things, to secure the advantages which in the country are obtained by local management. The attempt only succeeds in combining the disadvantages of the central and the local systems. The guardians of a London Union have all the inexperience of local authorities, and are as strange to those with whom they have to deal as if they were the officers of a central power. Some interval may pass before men will shake off the spell which a mere name casts over their minds. But, in process of time, the distinction which the inexorable logic of facts has created between communities scattered enough for mutual acquaintance, and large towns where no man knows

his neighbour, will force itself upon general recognition. The measure which is now being brought into operation will, at all events, exhibit by the light of a practical contrast some of the evils which a confusion of thought upon these subjects has produced.

DOCKYARD ACCOMMODATION.

THE Report of the Dockyard Committee, smoothly as it reads, suggesting an improvement here and an addition there, is in reality a document of most alarming quality. The truth is that the extent of the arrears into which we have fallen in this vital matter of supplying the means of renovating fleets disabled, as it may chance, by weather or by war, is something of which few landmen have the faintest conception, and which even the Committee, considerable as their proposals are in the aggregate, scarcely venture to look fairly in the face. Inquirers wholly free from nervous alarm as to the reception which would be given to their discoveries would probably have thought it well to plunge deeper into the question before them than this Committee have done. Their function was to report upon the basin and dock accommodation of the Royal Dockyards, and its sufficiency for the public service; and the most natural question for them to have asked themselves and their witnesses was, what accommodation would probably be wanted if the country were engaged in a great naval war within the next few years. No doubt this question duly suggested itself, but the answer, even before it was fairly dug out of the masses of evidence, began to loom into such appalling dimensions that the Committee were absolutely afraid to produce it, or even to realize it distinctly in their own minds. This is the meaning of the oracular sentence with which the Report concludes:—"On the future requirements of the navy the evidence attached to the Report contains much information. Your Committee consider that the subject referred to them is of the deepest importance, and that it should continuously receive the earnest attention of the Government; and, although your Committee are not prepared to give their recommendation for extensive alterations beyond what is immediately pressing, they cannot conceal their opinion that much expenditure will be required from time to time in order to preserve the naval position of this country." The meaning thus dimly shadowed forth is, in few words, that the Committee dare not say how much additional accommodation we shall want in the next war, and content themselves with saying what we do want at this present time, in the midst of peace. Perhaps, in a sense, it was wise to take this course, for the "immediately pressing" requirements are themselves so large as to need something like a doubling of all the docks and basins at present available. In the prevailing apathy on this important topic, it may have been thought useless to alarm the public mind by asking for more than this; but more, and very much more, will be urgently needed before we can say that the English fleet can go out to meet an enemy, or can even patrol the ocean in strength, with reasonable security against fatal mishaps.

Confining ourselves simply to the peace requirements of the navy we already possess, the works required are of the most formidable kind. We have long since commented on the earlier portions of the Report, which dealt with the yards at Chatham and Portsmouth, and it will be remembered that the great works for the enlargement of Chatham Dockyard are going on at a rate at which, according to the estimates, they will be completed exactly in the year 1900. The last instalment of the Report relates to Devonport and Keyham, to Cork, and to foreign stations, and points out deficiencies which are proportionately not less serious than those at Portsmouth itself. At Devonport there are four large docks, one of which is just capable of admitting the largest class of English men-of-war. The quays are what they were when ships were half their present length, so that the number of vessels which can lie alongside is just half what it was a dozen years ago. The basins, too, are found to be altogether too small—out of proportion, indeed, to the factory power, which could do the work of twice as many ships as the dockyard can hold. In fact, it was carefully designed for about that number, and the arrangement has been thrown entirely out of gear by the rapid growth in the dimensions of our ships. In a few years it is calculated that engines to the extent of 50,000 or 60,000 horse-power, at present nearly new, will require thorough overhauling and repair; and even now there is not room for the work that has to be done, and the factory is prevented from putting out more than a fraction of its strength. Everything has to be doubled at least. The Committee doubt whether two new docks of the largest size, with a great increase in

basin area and wharf accommodation, would enable us to scrape on for a year or two longer, and evidently incline to reckon three first-class docks among the pressing necessities to be met, even when the contingency of the next war is carefully kept out of sight.

The existing state of Cork harbour is easily described. It is one of the finest harbours on our coasts. It has the great advantage of lying nearer to a squadron in Western waters than any other available port; and at present it has no public docks at all, nor any Government establishment, except the small affair on Hawlbowl Island. The natives of those parts have long clamoured for a Royal dockyard, and, for once, Irish clamour has had some reason in it. No one now would dream of proposing such an establishment on what are called political grounds—such grounds as those which led to the subsidy of Mr. LEVER's unlucky Steam Packet Company; but a dockyard at Cork would be of great service, and if it were not for the expense which will one day follow in the shape of defences for a port which, but for its dockyard, no enemy would care to attack, the recommendation of the Committee would be beyond question. They advise the immediate construction of a first-class dock, and the enlargement of one at least of the private docks, if manageable, so as to fit it for naval requirements. The Duke of SOMERSET seems almost to have promised the Corkagians to give them the dock, though the rather feeble suggestion of adapting a private dock for the use of the navy seems to have been rejected on the rational ground that the private docks are not more numerous than the commerce of the port requires. From Cork the Committee pass to Malta, where one of the choicest blunders of the Admiralty was, until very lately, in rapid course of completion. There are no docks of any use at Malta for first-class ships, but there are two sites more or less available for the purpose. Of these one is very good, the other very bad; and the Admiralty, after much bungling diplomacy with the native interests, succeeded in securing the right, on certain terms, to the good site, and then straightway set to work to build the Government dock on the bad site. For a long time the Board strictly maintained that its plan was the best, but the most experienced admirals who had been stationed at Malta declared against it, and the Committee find their witnesses unanimous in the same view. The blunder, indeed, was so gross that at last Lord CLARENCE PAGET himself went the length of admitting it, though the whole affair had been so entangled with engagements of one kind or another that it seemed exceedingly difficult to revert to the only satisfactory plan. To this, however, the Report of the Committee points, and the Duke of SOMERSET seems, on his visit to the island, to have made some progress in retrieving the past errors of the Board; but whether it be made on a good site or a bad one, a new first-class dock at Malta is another of the pressing requirements of these times of peace.

It is needless to enter into particulars as to the accommodation at other foreign stations. For first-class ships and frigates there is no accommodation at all, and when Admiral MILNE was in command on the North American and West Indian station, he was compelled to send his frigates to England whenever they required repair. There are docks at Bermuda, but on such a scale that a good-sized frigate cannot get any serious damage repaired, nor even get the weeds scraped off her bottom, without coming to England; and as this last operation is required by iron ships after a few months at anchor, the loss of time and money and strength for want of a sufficient dock is too obvious to need another word. So, at Bermuda, as at Malta, and, it is darkly hinted, at many other foreign stations, first-class docks must be constructed. We need not add any further details. Merely to patch matters up sufficiently for immediate requirements will call for a very large expenditure—more, probably, than the Admiralty will have the courage to ask for. To make all things ready for war would be a task, in any case, of years, and, at the rate at which similar work has hitherto been done, of centuries. Sooner or later, however, the serious danger of the deficiency of our dockyard accommodation (not comparable at this moment to what the French have wisely provided for a smaller fleet) will have to be looked in the face; and as an important though timid step in this direction, we commend the Report of the Dockyard Committee to the consideration of all politicians who interest themselves in naval affairs. Experience has made it certain that no effectual move will be made by the Admiralty unless driven by extreme pressure; but no one who really considers what the conditions of naval power are can doubt that a fleet unprovided with proper means of refitting is shorn of half its strength. Why are millions expended upon

dockyard fortifications, except that our ships may always have the means of safely repairing damage, and keeping themselves in seagoing and fighting order? And would it not be well to spend some part at least of the money devoted to our arsenals and repairing yards in bringing them into reasonable proportion with the fleet which they have to maintain? Expenditure of this kind makes less show than almost any other, and it is about the last that the Board of Admiralty is disposed to incur. But even a ship or two less in the fleet would be less perilous than a deficiency of means to repair half of those which we possess. The difficulty and cost of the undertaking will grow with every year of delay, and it is already the most pressing need of the British navy, which cannot longer be neglected with safety.

POPULAR LOGIC.

ENOUGH, and more than enough, has been said about "spiritualism," and similar nonsense, as regarded from certain points of view. That the superstition is more contemptible, if less pernicious, than a belief in witchcraft; that its devotees exhibit, in various combinations, all the phases of intellect that intervene between amiable weakness and absolute imbecility; that the performers, in respect of good faith and ingenuity, vary from a Cagliostro to a professed and avowed conjuror—all these tolerably obvious truths have been repeated with sufficient force and frequency. The interest of the subject, as an illustration of certain other truths, has perhaps been less exhausted. It is evident that the prevalence or decline of such superstitions may be used as a rough test for discovering the amount of folly held in solution in what is called "the popular mind." The variations in the prevailing judgment determine the oscillations of public imbecility, as the rise and fall of the mercury exhibits the varying pressure of the atmosphere. The collapse of a particular form of the imposture indicates an approaching glimpse of fine weather; when the whole brood is exterminated in some Utopian age, it will be possible to say that public opinion is at "set fair," or "set sensible." But the test is perhaps capable of being carried further by a more delicate manipulation. It may serve to show the changes as well in the quality as in the quantity of floating folly. We may to some extent approximate to a discovery, not merely of the degree of existing weakness, but of the nature of the morbid tendency which produces it. The fallacies selected to prop up the tottering absurdities show the special idiosyncracies of the mind that selects them. At the Universities there is a certain well-known class of student which never learns how to spell, and to the end of its career always fills up the word "parallelogram" with an indefinite and arbitrary number of l's; there is another which is hopelessly sceptical as to two sides of a triangle being greater than the third. The experienced physician, if he cannot always minister to minds suffering from these mysterious diseases, should at least be able to point to the characteristic weaknesses which they indicate. Doctors tell us that some bodily ailments die out in the course of centuries, and others take their places. It would be interesting to determine whether any similar mental phenomenon exists—whether, as people now have fewer sound teeth than they had a century ago, they may also have weaker logical apparatuses, and find themselves unable to crack sophistical nuts that were not too hard for their forefathers.

The first discovery which such an inquirer would make would be the futility of appealing to his patient by scientific considerations. The delusion is frequently strengthened, if not generated, by the picture which an ignorant mind forms to itself of science. A man who knows nothing of scientific method, and is acquainted only with a few of its best-known results, will obviously have certain direct inducements to superstition. He has no conception of the amount of evidence that is required to establish a new truth, or of the number of tests by which it has since been verified, or of the way in which it is so incorporated with the results of previous inquiry that it cannot be disturbed without disturbing a whole mass of interlacing truths. His notion of science is pretty much like his forefather's notion of a magician. Science is a strange thing, which is always unaccountably finding out something about the stars, or the Aurora Borealis, or the state of the world a few million years ago; but why or how it does so at all, or why it goes in one direction more than another, is beyond all calculation. It prompts a number of very queer actions, followed, no one knows why, by still queerer results. It walks about, like Sir Isaac Newton, on the shore of the ocean of truth, picking up shells or sea-serpents or mermaids quite promiscuously. The wizard in former times used to say the Lord's Prayer backwards, surrounded by skulls and pentagrams, and the natural result was the appearance of the Devil, with horns and tail. A modern performer goes through some operations, apparently just as arbitrary, with colloid and nitrate of silver and a camera, and the equally natural result is a portrait, with a frame and a hook to hang it up. Most people have been told that one of these performances is now generally considered to end in a failure. The Devil, as a hooved and horned phenomenon, is well known to be rarely, if ever, visible. But, *a priori*, one experiment seems to offer as fair chances of success as the other. In like manner, when the result of four persons sitting round a table with their hands touching is said to be that

the table gets upon one leg and preaches a sermon, most people honestly don't see anything odd in it. Perhaps, if you put a glass of beer upon it, you might induce it to sing a comic song. The proof of this being the average state of people's minds is the incessant use of the stock argument, "A few years ago, no one would have believed that we could have talked with people across the Atlantic in a second." Therefore, we may now believe that spirits go about rapping on tables. The intermediate link in the argument is that, as one very odd thing has happened, any other very odd thing may happen. If a certain new combination of circumstances has produced an unexpected phenomenon, any new combination may be expected to give rise to any kind of phenomenon whatever. In this manner the familiarity with the results of science, which is now spread over a larger class than formerly, directly tends to increase credulity. There is a certain levity of mind, an indiscriminating willingness to believe anything new, which is stimulated by the progress of discovery. The negative teaching of science, which consists in warning men off paths that lead to nowhere, is totally thrown away upon people to whom all paths are alike, and who hear only of strange treasures that have been picked up somewhere. They are like children who are totally unconscious that in order to mine successfully you must labour hard in particular strata, and who are therefore ready to take the first pebble they pick off the beach for a diamond.

It is easy to exemplify this by some beautiful specimens of argument with which we have just been refreshed. The late Davenport performance was professedly an exhibition of phenomena for which the performers themselves could not account. This raised a very curious question, which no one appears to have put. It seems rather a queer proceeding for two gentlemen to get into a cupboard, to request a friend to tie them up with ropes, and then to turn the lights off and wait to see what will happen. Considered as a mere amusement, it strikes an unprejudiced mind as dull; there must, one would think, have been some ulterior object. Yet the first experimenters could hardly have anticipated that the ropes would immediately come undone of themselves, that a shadowy hand would appear above them, and that a lively tune would be meanwhile executed upon a non-existent banjo. When we reflect how few men in the course of history can be supposed to have tied themselves up with ropes in a cupboard, and therefore how small was the chance that the particular men susceptible of the "mysterious agencies" should do it, the discovery seems all but miraculous. If "spirits" had had anything to do with it, they might be supposed to have given the necessary hints for these eccentric manoeuvres; but, as spirits are carefully ignored, we must assume that the Messrs. Davenport evolved the plan from the depths of their moral consciousness. It is strange that any human being should have taken this proceeding to be so natural that no explanation was wanted. The class we have described, who look upon science much as their ancestors did upon the black art—as a mere jumble of mysteries—of course don't require much explanation of anything; but it is strange that even they should go out of their way to incur such difficulties unnecessarily when the most obvious explanation encounters none. The ropes and all the rest of the apparatus, of course, come naturally to a conjuror possessed of one old trick.

But a more bewildering specimen of logic was volunteered by a spectator of metaphysical tendencies, whose remarks are reported at one meeting. This gentleman said that it would probably now become necessary to revive Berkeley's hypothesis as to the non-existence of matter. Of course, it is obvious that he was in utter darkness as to Berkeley's doctrine. That doctrine, in common with most metaphysical tenets, possesses one very convenient peculiarity—its affirmative or its negative may be maintained with equal probability, and either of them is perfectly compatible with everything that can, by any possibility, come within any one's experience. But before and since the time when Dr. Johnson refuted it for Boswell by kicking his foot against a big stone "with mighty force," it has been put to very unfair service. The ingenious gentleman who brought it up on this occasion would apparently have admitted the relevancy of Johnson's argument. He does not appear, indeed, to have developed his views fully, but he evidently thought that the experiments tended to prove that a man could pass a rope through his arm, or that two material bodies might be in the same place at the same time—a doctrine which he meant to express by saying that matter had no existence. Now it is evident that no one out of a madhouse could hold this opinion in this sense about things in general. Our theorist knew very well that, if he knocked his head against a wall, the non-existence of his head and of the wall would not prevent the concussion of two nothings from being highly disagreeable to one of them. He must, therefore, have supposed that, in some special cases only, you could find out some way of getting behind the scenes, and exposing the sham of nature in general; and that then, when you had tied up one nothing with another nothing, it was very easy to undo the knot. In fact, his theorem may be stated somewhat to this effect:—If certain persons (for the property in question is at present peculiar to the Messrs. Davenport) tie themselves together in a cupboard in the dark, their bodies and the rope can occupy the same space; therefore, in some sense or other, matter does not exist. One cannot help admiring the courage of a gentleman who sweeps away the whole material universe to account for a single conjuring trick. If philosophers had been always equally

ready to account for phenomena inexplicable at first sight, by doing away with matter, or "annihilating space and time," they would have saved a good deal of thought, and, possibly, missed a few discoveries.

It is, of course, true that the gentleman whom we have been quoting had not really any definite meaning at all. He used a formula in a reckless way, trusting that, as it looked well, it must needs have something to do with the subject. Unluckily it had not. And this leads us to notice one other logical eccentricity. The Messrs. Davenport themselves seem to have fought rather shy of the spirits—we would hope because spirits have had their day. But, given the truth of the phenomena, the public mind seems to suggest "spirits" spontaneously, as the most natural way of accounting for everything. Now, constantly as spirits are summoned to account for the eccentricities of mahogany tables, nothing can be plainer than that this is really no explanation at all, in any true sense of the word. You wish to account for a table running up and down like a dog. You say that it has got a spirit in it. But all that you know about the spirit, and all that you ever expect to know about him, is summed up in the fact that he makes the table run up and down. Hence the statement is very little better than an identical proposition, or like the celebrated explanation of poppies sending you to sleep by the fact that they have a soporific power. The utmost that it amounts to is, that the table's peculiarities are caused by some unknown quantity, X or Y; with perhaps the further assertion (rather a rash one, to say the least of it) that the cause is something whose action can never come within the sphere of our senses. It may be said that, when spirits take to communicating with us by raps, we may learn something of their natural history, and make intelligible statements about them. But there is always a fatal breach in the argument here, even granting the accuracy of the facts observed. The intervention of the spirit always remains an arbitrary hypothesis, and, generally, a highly improbable one, to account for the possession of knowledge which is more easily explained in a different way. But on this point we cannot now enlarge.

We have thus hinted at a few truths not always remembered. This particular class of superstition is likely to be for a long time popular amongst that half-educated class to whom a knowledge of scientific discovery has filtered down without any corresponding scientific training. They are likely to embrace heartily all that superficially resembles a new discovery, and to be totally unable to weigh the evidence on which it rests, or to appreciate the consequences that it would involve. If it has a little touch of the mysterious, it will be none the worse to their tastes, for they have not quite outgrown old superstitions any more than they have grown beyond the reach of new ones. This is probably one of the reasons why spiritualists have such a harvest in America. The half-educated class is not only more predominant there than in the Old World, but it is brought up in less deference to authority of any kind. The influence of the great names which carry some weight here, amongst all classes, is very much diluted by crossing the Atlantic. Another result is the curious combination of scepticism of a particular kind with extreme credulity. The credulity is generally represented to be the result of the necessity of believing something. It seems more likely that both scepticism and credulity are the results of believing and disbelieving at random, with a prejudice against Christianity because it is old-fashioned, and in favour of spirit-rapping because it is new.

THE PERILS OF SENSATION.

THE vigorous denunciation of sensation novels by an Archbishop is sure to be interesting to everybody who either writes or reads "stimulating narratives," and may possibly prove a little more effective than similar assaults upon sensation theology. Dr. Thomson's recent address before the Huddersfield Church Institute deserves notice rather from the position of the speaker than from any striking truth in the remarks themselves. They contain precisely the sort of criticism on popular novels which a Church dignitary might have been expected to offer. Sensation is a limb of that chimera dire, "the spirit of the times," and therefore can look for no mercy from the Episcopal bench. Good-natured curates and moderately beneficed incumbents have hitherto rather gone in for sensation stories, just as they have gone in for croquet and lawn-billiards. This class of literature is a useful link in the chain by which they are properly anxious to connect themselves with the laity, and lay interests and tastes. If they had pretended ignorance of Count Fosco and Lady Audley, they might have earned a higher reputation for intellectual austerity, but they would have lost an uncommonly convenient subject for that pleasant small talk to which even the clergy must stoop. Henceforth no curate, at least in the diocese of York, can hope for preferment if he can be proved to have solaced himself after a hard day's work by anything stronger than novels which draw their interest from "the larger chapter of homely sympathies." It certainly seems a little hard that, after ten hours of visiting the poor, praying with the sick, and burying the dead, the curate should be rigidly confined for his refreshment to stories of "pious mothers training little children, of secret prayers offered up to God in the silence of night for those children, of hints and helps to duty strewn in the paths of those children continually." We hear a good deal of the Church being in danger, but its popularity will be more imperilled than it ever has been yet if its ministers restrict themselves and other people to the

enlarged tracts in three volumes which Dr. Thomson recommends. A high dignitary like an archbishop is not bound to make himself pleasant. Wherever he goes, even if it be to dine with a Unitarian Lord Mayor, he is sure to be a great lion; and most people would remark, on his departure, how uncommonly pleasant his Grace had been, even if to an impartial observer he had seemed as surly as a bear. With the lesser lights of the Church the case is quite different. They wear no apron, and are called by no title. If they cannot make themselves agreeable in other ways than by wearing aprons and suffering themselves to be addressed as "My Lord," the laity are not apt to treat them with much attention. And it may be questioned whether a parson would be popular at a dinner-party who talked to the young lady at his side about nothing but pious mothers, and little children, and hints and helps. Most ladies would be delighted to be handed to dinner by an archbishop, whatever nonsense he talked, but so young a prelate as the Archbishop of York ought not to have forgotten the social difficulties of his unpreferred brethren.

The laity, however, as well as the clergy, are exhorted to give up sensation stories. Cricket or beads cannot seem more deeply fraught with mischief, in the eyes of Bishop Wigram, than "stimulating narratives" seem to Archbishop Thomson. Nobody pretends that a story of complicated incident and entangled plot is a very lofty work of art. To invent a secret which may interest the reader, and to keep it so cleverly that his interest shall carry him through three volumes to discover it, does not, perhaps, demand the best qualities of the profoundest genius. If it were possible to secure an adequate supply of novels of character, or stories in which there should be no crime, it might possibly be a better thing for the purity and elevation of the public taste. But it would not do, we suppose, for an archbishop to rest a denunciation upon any but moral grounds. Intellectual objections to any particular aspect of literature or art may be good enough for the press, but an archiepiscopal attack must be conducted solely with moral weapons. Bishop Colenso's speculations are doubtless capable of instant refutation on purely critical grounds, but the bishops must devote themselves to the more urgent and certainly easier task of denouncing such speculations as impious and immoral. Mr. Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon possibly exhibit literary defects, but the true objection is that their books have a most dangerous influence upon the minds of their readers. If Dr. Thomson be right, it is high time that sensation novels should be put an end to, and every reader with his hair on end and mouth agape at new horrors warned of the imminent peril in which he stands. It is a relief to find that, though the Archbishop's conclusion may possibly be sound, his reasons for it are most uncommonly hollow. There are, he says, two most obnoxious ingredients in the sensation story. In the first place, it teaches people not to trust to appearances, but to believe that behind there lies a world of crime and misery; and, in the second, it inculcates fatalism. How far are sensation novels fairly open to these two charges?

Now it happens that the writer who, beyond all others, preached the doctrine that there is a good deal of sin and shabbiness underneath the smoothest social surface is Thackeray, and yet it would be a curious freak to classify the author of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* as a sensation novelist. Again, Mrs. Wood's last book is a vigorous effort to bring out the same theory, yet it is no more sensational than Dr. Thomson's *Outlines of the Laws of Thought*. To suggest that your next door neighbour, in spite of gorgeous liveries, a fine carriage, and constant parties, is pretty sure to have given a bill of sale on his furniture and pawned his wife's jewels, or else that his wife is passionately devoted to the memory of an early lover who is in China or Australia, may be said to present a very erroneous view of ordinary life. But there are, no doubt, unhappy cases of which this would be a true account, and a novelist may be pardoned for resorting for a subject to exceptional circumstances. If he pretends that such circumstances make the regular state of things, he holds what we may deem a wrong view of the actual constitution of society, but even then one is rather at a loss to see what great mischief his mere theory inflicts on the community. A man may believe that his neighbour is in grave pecuniary difficulties, or that there is a curious story about his neighbour's wife, without being instantly seized with an irresistible impulse to overdraw his own account or to run off and seek some old flame of his own. But the sensation novels proper illustrate neither this nor any other view of the world. We never met with one that "professed to give a deeper insight into our social system." They are simply stories of exciting incident, without any sort of relation to the social system. This very fact, indeed, has been made a ground of serious accusation against them. They do not analyse character, it has been said, they teach no moral, and they set forth no theory of life. They are well-written narratives of absorbing interest, and they are no more than narratives. The *Woman in White* has probably been the most widely read of all the sensation novels, but did any living creature suppose that Sir Percival Glyde was meant to typify the British baronet, or Count Fosco to typify the ordinary Italian refugee? Has *East Lynne* been the means of spreading a general conviction that every man's governess is a resuscitated first wife? People have still a little sense left, if they do read sensation stories, and the horrors of those stories have just as little practical effect upon their conduct in making them better or worse as the horrors threatened in fanatical sermons and religious journals. They may look at crime or misery through the sensation microscope for an hour, but

on leaving it the natural aspect of things instantly recurs with unweakened force. The scullery-maid forgets all about the abduction of the duchess, or the assassination of the wicked marquis, in her weekly pennyworth of excitement, the moment she is summoned to scrub the floor or wash the dishes. And a young lady who receives an offer of marriage is not a whit less elated because she has read scores of novels in which the blissful office is unfortunately interrupted by the shriek of a couple of deserted village maidens.

But sensation stories, the Archbishop tells us, are even more pernicious from what may be called their fatalism. That is to say, the hero rushes into some disagreeable situation, and he is driven on to release himself from it by the commission of an atrocious crime. "In this kind of fiction," says the Archbishop, "some great passion is supposed to take possession of a man; it is love, jealousy, or what not; and it is enough to state that the man was stricken by this passion to be sure that his destruction was settled beforehand by the writer of the fiction, and that there was no chance of escape." Taken as it stands, this would be sheer nonsense, but there is an inference from it which is a little more intelligible. A passion of this kind gets hold of a young man of an ill-regulated mind, who remembers that the hero of a sensation novel in similar circumstances poisoned somebody, or committed some other crime. The ill-regulated young man straightway goes and does likewise. This is the fatalism of fiction. It is really very difficult to suppose that this curious influence could have been ascribed seriously to any of the leading sensation novels of the present day. Stories like *Jack Sheppard* unquestionably were calculated to do mischief, but they were not in the least like the modern sensation novels. Supposing a young man of ill-regulated mind has been jilted, he would find nothing in the stories of Miss Braddon, or Mr. Collins, or Mrs. Wood to suit his wants. He may get married twice, if he thinks fit and can successfully contrive it, but surely this is a strange fatalistic remedy for having failed originally to get married once. The sensation novels are much too complicated and ingenious for ill-regulated young men to be able to weave similar nets for themselves out of the rude materials of common life. Two of the most horrible of recent crimes are the cases of Hunt and Müller. Hunt's favourite kind of literature was *Tom Brown at Oxford*, and the only novels which Müller is known to have read are *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield*. The literature that finds favour with the ordinary criminal classes is probably seasoned to suit their tastes, but the Archbishop could scarcely have meant this — first, because there was no possible chance of such stories being admitted to the reading-rooms of the Huddersfield Church Institute; and secondly, because it would be absurd to apply to them the familiar epithet of sensational, which has a distinct signification that would be entirely inappropriate in their case. But as the Archbishop of York rather angrily informed Dr. Colenso that he was too busy to read theological books which he allowed to be dedicated to him, it is not likely that he has found time for reading sensation novels. We know that bishops do sometimes condemn books of which they only know the names.

ILLIBERAL LIBERALISM.

WE recently spoke on the subject of party names, and pointed out the great advantage of those names which are in themselves unmeaning, which convey no idea except that of the party, political or religious, to which they have got attached. A descriptive name, on the other hand, has the great disadvantage of making a profession, and thereby suggesting a retort in case the party fails strictly to act up to the profession suggested by its name. We are going to avail ourselves of our own distinction, and to ask whether there is not a class of professing "Liberals" who fairly lay themselves open to a retort of this kind. A "Liberal," by the fact of his calling himself a "Liberal," does undoubtedly make certain professions. He claims to take a wider view of things than other people, to cast off certain fetters, to throw away certain obstacles, which stand in their way. He wishes, above all things, for free thought and free expression of that thought. He is therefore inconsistent if he resorts to persecution in any form. An avowed Tory may do very wrong if he constrains his tenants or other dependents to vote as he wishes. But, if wrong, he is in no way inconsistent. The divine right of squires is a part of his creed, and the tenant who votes against his landlord sins against that divine right. But the Liberal who does the like acts not only wrongly, but inconsistently. If elections are really to represent the will of the people, the poor man's vote ought to be as free as the rich man's. Yet we have heard of counties where strong democrats have been known to vote for Tory candidates as the representatives of free choice against local dictation. We have heard of boroughs where strong Tories have become advocates of the Ballot as offering Tory workmen a chance of being able to vote independently of Liberal masters. It is not, however, of gross cases of this sort that we now wish to speak. We may be sure that landlords and employers who act in this way are Liberals only in the sense of repeating certain traditional formulas, hereditary in their families or current in the society in which they live. There are forms of illiberal Liberalism about, which are much subtler than this and which affect minds of a much higher class.

Any one whose lot it is to see a good deal of parties as they influence different forms of society will understand that the

same party name bears totally different meanings in different places. Take, for example, Liberalism as professed in the world at large—we do not mean among professional politicians, but, for instance, in a county—and compare it with Liberalism as professed in the narrower circle of a University. The Liberal country gentleman is of course in a minority among his fellows; the Liberal country clergyman is in a minority smaller still. But, in all the ordinary business of life, there is no perceptible difference between the Liberal country gentleman and the Conservative country gentleman. Unless you get upon matters which draw out certain distinctive formulas, you may talk to either of them a good while without finding out which is which. The employments, the amusements, the duties of both are exactly the same. They sit on the same bench, and there is nothing in their way of looking at what comes before them there which at all distinguishes one from the other. They go to the same Quarter Sessions and make speeches about county business, without saying anything which marks the difference between Liberal and Conservative. The Prison Ministers Bill may perhaps find them out, but not the every-day work before them. There may be differences of opinion argued with a good deal of vigour, but these differences in no way coincide with the great differences which divide the whole nation. You cannot argue from a man's vote at the county election how he may vote about the gaol or the lunatic asylum. When men find that they have a vast deal of business to do in common which is not in the least affected by the Shibboleths of their several parties, they gradually learn mutual toleration. The old party bitterness has greatly died out in the country at large; the wider the society, the better opportunity they have of doing so.

When you get among the clergy, as clergy, the case is very different. No doubt very praiseworthy efforts are being made to soften down differences between two great sections in the Church. When we say "praiseworthy," we mean so far as their object is really to compose differences for the sake of peace, and not simply to compromise them with a view to a more vigorous campaign against a common enemy. But differences among the clergy have quite another character from differences among the laity. The distinctions of Liberal and Conservative do not touch the ordinary daily business of the layman; the distinctions of High and Low Church do touch the ordinary daily business of the priest. The distinctions come out most in the very things which are to the clergy what the things where they come out least are to the laity. Differences among the laity about local matters are very often cross-divisions to their differences about national affairs. But the ecclesiastical concerns of the parish do not afford a cross-division to the affairs of the national Church; they are the very same things differing only in scale. While the Liberal and the Conservative layman do the mass of their ordinary work in exactly the same way, there is hardly an official act of the High, Low, or Broad clergyman which is not in some way coloured by the fact of his being High, Low, or Broad. The difference in the other case comes in only on some special occasions; in the present case it affects everything. It follows then that, while laymen of different political views find no difficulty in acting together for most of the purposes of life, clergymen of different theological views find a real difficulty in acting together in analogous cases. It is only an effort of real charity and forbearance which can enable them to act together. With the laity there is really no need for any effort at all; if there is anything to overcome, it is only a foolish prejudice of which a man ought to be ashamed.

The clergy, then, are naturally more intolerant, more divided, than the laity are. But they are tolerant and united compared with men who are shut up in the narrower circle of a University. University life, like every other form of life, has its good and bad sides, and perhaps its worst side is the excessive tendency to intolerance and division which it produces. In University society it naturally happens that young men are far more numerous, and their opinions and votes of far more importance, than in any other society. The consequence of this is that the younger men in a University—we mean the younger Fellows and Masters, not the undergraduates—become prematurely old. They are commonly clever, and they are almost necessarily without practical experience. The intellectual standard among them is, in the nature of things, far higher than among either country gentlemen or country clergymen. Their opinions, especially among those who profess Liberal opinions, are seldom merely hereditary or professional; they are opinions adopted on conviction. A man, in choosing his party, often blindly adopts all the Shibboleths of that party, but still they are Shibboleths which he has chosen by an independent act of his own will, not Shibboleths handed on from his father along with the family estate. Again, Academical Conservatism and Liberalism mean something more than Conservatism and Liberalism in the world at large. It is not a difference about a few great national questions, perfectly consistent either with agreement or with cross-divisions upon the mass of local questions. It is a difference which affects everything, which runs through a man's way of thinking and speaking about everything, and which comes out in local questions more strongly than in anything else. Men of different opinions are brought still more closely together in University life than they are in county life, and they being brought thus closely together heightens the division instead of softening it. There is a Conservative and a Liberal way of looking at everything that turns up; there is seldom any question of local legislation, and perhaps never any local election, on which

Liberals and Conservatives do not find some excuse for ranging themselves in opposite camps. Young men, intellectual men, whose differences are the result of conviction, and who have little outside experience to teach them how small some of their differences really are, finding themselves thus constantly acting with certain men and against certain others, can hardly fail to imbibe a vehemence of party spirit and an intolerance of all opposition which often seem quite unintelligible to an outsider. The truth is that their whole soul is in their differences, while, in ordinary differences about general politics, only a very small portion of the soul is at work.

The amount of intolerance is doubtless much the same on both sides of the question, but the distinction with which we first started here comes in. The intolerance of the Conservative may be stupid, prejudiced, unreasoning; it is probably much more so than the intolerance of the Liberal. But the intolerance of the Liberal is one thing which the intolerance of the Conservative is not; it is inconsistent. Those who profess to exercise freedom of thought themselves ought not to look askance at those who exercise the same freedom of thought in a different way. But too often the Liberal is so liberal that he will not tolerate anybody else in his illiberalism; the undogmatic Christian will not endure him who, in the free exercise of his private judgment, thinks good to be a dogmatic Christian. In short, inquiry becomes so free that no man may venture to inquire for himself. He must throw in his lot with the "Liberal party," or he will be at once branded as illiberal. Free thought is of course the great object, but it must be exercised under a sort of tacit reservation, under a sort of *cogit d'élire*, which authorizes you freely to elect such opinions as the Liberal party for the time being may think it good for you to elect. No shrinking from the cause may be allowed. A plain man who is accustomed to think for himself, who votes with A when he thinks A is right and with B when he thinks B is right, is sometimes a little perplexed at all this. He thinks it rather hard in itself, and is specially puzzled to know where the liberality of it is. Perhaps, like other people, he might strain his conscience a bit to keep in or to turn out Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston, but in all smaller matters he is in the habit of voting according to his own judgment. Perhaps he thinks himself a Liberal; but he has not scrupled to place his Conservative neighbour at the head of the Board of Guardians. He rebukes his friend's intolerance when he denounces a Popish Chaplain as a limb of Antichrist, but he does not therefore scruple to support him in that question about the highways and that other question about the Militia stores. Such a man hardly knows where he is when, because he agrees with A about religious tests, he is expected, under pain of imputations of inconsistency and illiberalism, to agree with him about an Examination Statute. To him these questions appear as utterly distinct as the Board of Guardians and the Militia stores. It seems to him that, because he agrees with A on the one, it does not follow that he may not agree with B on the other. He is a little nettled at finding that things which seem to have no connexion are all, in American phrase, planks in a platform, and that, if he accepts one, he must accept all. Poor deluded man! He does not know what Liberalism is; he has not thoroughly learned to love his neighbour, and he is still further removed from properly hating his enemy. Perhaps he goes home indulging the comfortable thought that, as he was, in his own sense, a Liberal before his censors were born, he hopes to remain a Liberal after they are all turned, ten years hence, into respectable and decorous Tories.

The simple truth is that, the larger the community and the wider and more varied its interests, the more tolerance can afford to flourish in it. A University supplies the most instructive instance of the opposite fault, because of the amusing forms which intolerance takes, and because of the really good and honest elements which are mixed up with even its queerest vagaries. The young intolerant Liberal has his good points. He is, indeed, self-sufficient in proportion to his inexperience; he kindly instructs you in the bearings of controversies in which you were getting grizzled while he was in his cradle; he supplies you, as the latest discoveries to prove one thing, with the arguments which you used years before to prove the opposite; he thinks you an old fogey if you venture to depart an inch from the latest groove which the wisdom of his party has traced out. Still he has two very great merits; his opinions are, after all, in some sense, the result of reflection, and he is quite free from any selfish objects. The same sort of local narrowness, without the same redeeming points, may be seen in the controversies of boroughs as distinguished from those of counties. Why should the yearly election of Town-Councillors be made the subject of a Liberal and Conservative struggle, and its result be hailed as a Liberal or Conservative triumph? What can a man's views about the Corn-laws or the Ballot have to do with his efficiency in an office in which his duties bear no sort of reference to controversies of the kind? In a struggle of this sort we have all that is to be regretted in Academical controversies, without that better side to them which is imperceptibly breathed into even the bitterest disputes of educated and commonly high-minded men.

POLITE LETTERS.

SOME little time since we gave an account of certain manuals of etiquette, from the contents of which a docile and ingenuous reader might learn how to adapt his behaviour to the

requirements of polite life. Considered, however, as a complete system of social education, these works were defective in one most important feature. They were calculated only for intercourse by word of mouth. All the instructions went on the hypothesis that the student and the object of his courteous, or friendly, or impassioned overtures were within reach of one another. First catch your friend, and then you shall be taught how to address him. But supposing your friend to keep out of your way, or supposing circumstances to keep you out of his, the oracle was dumb, and the suppliant would consult his manual in vain. He cannot bow gracefully to a man a hundred miles off, or pay unobtrusive attentions to a young lady on the other side of the Channel. Here only the Post-office can help him; he has to learn how to be polite on paper, to be shown how to put etiquette into an envelope. Nor is it any comfort to be told that all that he has to do is to apply to writing what he has learned in practice. Writing and speaking will not always play into each other's hands so conveniently. A letter has a capacity of becoming a perfect two-faced Janus, and the meaning it bears to the reader sometimes turns out to be as nearly as possible the exact opposite of the meaning it bore to the writer. It would occasionally be a real satisfaction to be able to disclaim any attempt at originality, and to prove that the offending document had been copied from a common form. Fortunately those who stand in need of such a complement to a code of manners have not far to seek for it. If supply is any index to demand, a large number of persons must be in the habit of turning to their "Complete Letter Writers" as readily as a conveyancer to his precedents; and, without venturing upon the invidious responsibility of making a selection among so many, we propose to gather from the common stock a few hints for our conduct amid what their compilers would probably call "the multifarious emergencies of a comprehensive epistolary correspondence."

In all the collections of model letters with which we have made acquaintance, by far the largest space is devoted to the subject of courtship; and, as a form is provided for making a lady an offer after seeing her once at a ball, it can hardly be contended that sufficient allowance has not been made for the exigencies of a sudden passion. In this Northern climate, however, even Romeo must pay attention to propriety. He must address Juliet as "My dear Madam," and not venture to do more than "crave for the honour of being permitted a further acquaintance," on the plea that the lady "may perhaps have observed that his attentions were directed to her in a manner sufficiently marked to prove that some more than ordinary feeling directed them." When the object of this delicate circumlocution has identified in her own mind the partner to whom it is to be attributed, she has a choice of answers set before her. If she is indifferent, she may "confess that she does not feel any motive to entertain so hasty a proposal." If she is hostile, she must "request that he will never address her on the subject again." If she feels unwilling to throw away a chance, she may "excuse his precipitation" on the score of his intimacy with the friend at whose house they met, and even own to "some pleasure in having elicited sentiments which appear to be founded on honourable good feeling." In this latter case some disparaging remarks on herself may gracefully be introduced. Thus, after stating that "Mamma will be happy to see you to-morrow evening to take tea," the letter may proceed:—"I fear, sir, you have over-rated my few merits, and beauty alone (my pretensions to which are very humble) can never be deemed a sufficient recommendation." One is tempted, however, to distrust this disclaimer of personal charms, as she warns her lover, a little further on, that "love at first sight must generally be fallacious," since "the most striking objects are not always the most deserving." This particular form must clearly have been contributed by a woman-hater. No one else could have thus basely insinuated that a girl is indifferent whether she is thought "deserving," so long as she is admitted to be "striking." Of proposals after a longer acquaintance there is a considerable choice. What lady could find fault with an intimation that "the impression created on my heart by your good sense, amiability of disposition, and accomplishments is a most pleasing, and, unless I greatly deceive myself, I believe, a permanent one"? Or if to some impassioned spirits this may seem a little too businesslike, no one can bring the same charge against the following:—"I know not what I say; but O! my dear Miss —, be merciful, and if you cannot love me—say, at least, that you do not hate me. Never could I survive the idea of being hateful to that angelic being whose love I prize more than existence itself." We must warn our readers, however, that this line of approach may be dangerous, for the same work from which it is taken gives an example of an answer to an "absurdly romantic" letter, in which the lady is made to say that, "if the epistle was intended in a jest, its absurdity might have been excused on the ground of its plagiarisms." What the writer would mean by such a rejoinder we have no conception, but it is clearly designed to convey an unfavourable reply. A young lady who objects to romance might, if she did not think it too original, be propitiated by a request to be "allowed, on any day that may be convenient, and in the presence of whatever friends may be deemed most proper, personally to assure you how much I am, with all due respect, your sincere friend and ardent lover." We have heard objections raised to the propriety of lovers being left much alone, but that more refined delicacy which insists that the very declaration shall be made in public is, we fear, a quality as uncommon as it is beautiful.

After an engagement has been formally entered into, the next occasion for which the "Letter Writer" provides is a quarrel. The ground of this is always assumed to be that one of the lovers has paid or accepted undue attention to or from somebody else; and the correct explanation is, for a gentleman, that the lady's father was his intimate friend—for a lady, that she was only anxious not to make a parade of her affection. A more impulsive suitor, however, may try the effect of the following:—"Madam, I am neither blind nor deaf! I can both see and hear. Your partiality for another is every day before my eyes, and your tenderness for him has now reached my ears. Have I not loved? Yes, cruel beauty, doated to distraction. Then, why use me thus?" And then, with a sudden resumption of a business tone, he may conclude, "Your candour will greatly oblige." Or if a more Johnsonian style should be preferred, he may inform his giddy mistress that "though his understanding may be doubted, and his penetration insulted, she shall find that the latter is capable of discerning fallacy, and the former of resenting insolence." It will be wise, however, not to adopt this tone unless he wishes the quarrel to be final, inasmuch as, in the answer which immediately follows this remonstrance, the object of it frankly informs her lover that she "never esteemed him a man of much understanding, and his late behaviour has now convinced her that her opinion was just, and her only request is that he will neither repeat his disagreeable visits nor renew his fulsome professions." After such a correspondence the most sanguine student of the Latin Grammar could hardly entertain much hope of a renewal of love. Supposing these disagreements to be either avoided or made up, the time at length arrives for fixing the marriage day. With the view, we suppose, of preventing mistakes and giving a more solemn air to the proceeding, this important negotiation should be opened with a proper amount of formality:—"The proposal I am about to make is this, that our nuptial ceremony may be performed on the — of the present month, and in the parish church of —." The writer naturally feels that so straightforward a proposition ought to be met in a similar spirit, and he therefore goes on to request his mistress to "mention briefly whether the day he has fixed will suit the convenience of herself and family." It seems to be considered correct for the young lady to blink the somewhat peremptory character of this demand, for she speaks in her answer of having imposed upon her "the delicate, though certainly not disagreeable, duty of fixing a day for our nuptial ceremony." When this is arranged, the next point is to engage the bridesmaids, and in doing this two opposite styles of announcement may be resorted to. If the lady wishes to be curt and matter-of-fact in her communication, she may write:—"Tom and myself have agreed to take each other 'for better, for worse,' and the event is to come off on the 4th of next month. May I request the honour of your services as bridesmaids on the important occasion." If, on the other hand, she thinks that this would be rather throwing away an opportunity for some effective composition, she can avail herself of the alternative formula:—"Yourself and certain others of my goodnatured friends having often teased me about Mr. B.'s gallantries, it will not be matter of surprise to you to learn that such marked attentions have not been paid without some ulterior object in view." We trust, however, for the sake of her unfortunate correspondent, that she will not think it necessary to copy a sentence which occurs a little later:—"Tell me candidly, do you think that we possess that unity of tastes and harmony of dispositions which are calculated to make the married state happy?" We should like to see the bridesmaid who would answer "candidly" No; but, if she consults the peace of the bridal party, she will adhere strictly to the prescribed reply, and content herself with an appropriate compliment to her friend's fitness to "embellish the connubial dwelling."

Putting matrimony and purely business matters aside, the range of subjects with which a "Complete Letter Writer" deals is not extensive. There is a letter from a girl at school to a girl who has left school, but, as her principal object in writing it is to inquire whether her emancipated friend has "become accustomed to the attentions and gallantries of the other sex," it is only the matrimonial story over again. Another letter is devoted to dress, and here the writer expresses herself with a generality which, considering the frequent changes of fashion, is highly to be commended. "The first point to be considered is the form of the individual to be attired, and after that the character and disposition of the drapery which may be best adapted to that form." At any rate, there is no fear that these oracular "hints on costume" can ever become out of date. Another letter, again, which we are informed, in a note, is "grounded on actual correspondence of the editor's," is devoted to giving advice to "a young lady desirous of publishing." She is warned not to "rush into print," and then comes this formidable exhortation:—"Deepen your present thoughts by continued experience; mark every transaction, and think cautiously and impartially upon the deeds and dealings of those around you; such are the only studies which can ever make you fit for the responsible and difficult duties of an authoress." We can only offer our sincere commiseration, not so much to the unfortunate victim of this deepening process as to the still more unfortunate household of which she may chance to be an inmate while fitting herself for her "responsible duties." But, generally speaking, it is only on courtship that the "Complete Letter Writer" can be cited as an authority. There, however, it has the field to itself; and, if any reader feels uncertain how to express himself under these

interesting circumstances, we recommend him to try the effect of some of the specimens we have quoted. We have little doubt it will be magical.

COUNT RECHBERG'S RESIGNATION.

THE late change in the Austrian Cabinet is a riddle to which the full answer has not yet been given. Count Rechberg has resigned his office to Count Mensdorff, and has been graciously permitted to console himself with the order of the Golden Fleece, and the honour of signing peace with Denmark. Every benevolent mind will hope that those consolations are unspeakably soothing. Meanwhile, the interpretation of these signs in the political heavens is not wholly free from difficulty. The prophets indeed prophesy boldly, but their predictions are too often veiled by that cloudy darkness which is apt to shelter the complicated structures of German hypothesis. Unfortunately, there is no lack of reasons why Austria should change her Cabinet or her policy; still more unfortunately, no one can say positively towards what point of the compass her policy is most likely to veer. In examining the bearings of the present change, we have no help from Parliamentary cross-questioning and "interpellation"; we are left to judge from the known tendencies of the rising and setting Ministers, and from the probable disturbance of the cohesive forces of the Cabinet. Prognostications drawn from strange conjunctions of Emperors, or cometary visitations of erratic foreign statesmen, are not watched now-a-days with the old interest, because Emperors and statesmen cannot play with the fate of nations so completely at their own free will. But a Ministerial crisis may possibly be symptomatic of a really serious change; it may be the outward and visible sign of a crisis in some inward disease of the empire. The Liberal party, who have seen in Count Rechberg a mere unhealthy obstruction in the channel of progress and internal improvement, may rejoice in the strength of the current that has swept him away. Some will see in his resignation the snapping of the last link which bound Austria to Prussia, and may ascribe it to the attractive forces of the Western Powers or of the minor States. There is, however, a certain *prima facie* objection to any very sanguine anticipations. It is to be doubted whether any Ministerial change that does not go deeper can give the requisite impulse to reform in Austria. The intrinsic difficulties of the Empire are such as to require a firm hand and a strong will, if a lasting impression is to be made on them. It is not easy for any Minister to steer a straight course through the labyrinth of surrounding dangers, unperplexed by internal jealousies; and most Austrian statesmen will be content to go softly and delicately, to live from hand to mouth, to take up things where they find them, to accept such political expedients as time may bring forth and be thankful. The advent of a real statesman might be a justification of renewed confidence in the future of Austria, as implying the adoption of a decided line of policy. But real statesmen are rare; and when one Minister who has failed to make any reputation at all gives way to another Minister who has still his reputation to make, the result is apt to be nugatory. A slight deflection from the course hitherto pursued by Austria, a new shuffling of the old cards, is more probable than any profounder change of policy.

In the complicated system of Austrian politics, there are stumbling-blocks enough to trip up any number of Ministers, and various difficulties have been assigned as the immediate causes of Count Rechberg's downfall. Its bearing upon the alliance with Prussia is the most interesting side of the question. The policy to which that alliance was due has doubtless been a signal disappointment to its authors. Austria has stooped into a very humble position, without picking up even a trifling reward. She was drawn to follow the lead of Prussia by the attraction of two irresistible baits. She confidently hoped to gain some guarantee for her Venetian territories, and to obtain some concessions in regard to the new arrangements of the Zollverein. With these baits dangling before him, Count Rechberg allowed himself to be drawn on to follow the more audacious footsteps of Count Bismarck. Meanwhile, Prussia took the lead in the war, and the minor States were gradually forced to look to her as their arbiter. Whatever glory may have been gained has fallen chiefly to the Prussian arms; whatever material advantages may ultimately come to the conquering Powers are pretty sure to drift in the Prussian direction. But the inference which Prussia drew from these circumstances by no means coincided with Austrian logic. She probably thought that, as she had done most of the work, she was entitled to most of the rewards—especially as they were already in her hands. Accordingly, she entirely failed to enter into Count Rechberg's view of the position. She saw no sufficient reason for accepting the dangerous position of guarantor of the Austrian possessions in Italy. Neither was she inclined to encumber herself by commercial concessions to the Austrian protectionists. Thus Count Rechberg had allowed Austria to be humiliated, and had no salve wherewith to anoint her wounds. People at Vienna began to perceive that they were being made to look foolish. They complained of a vacillating policy whose oscillations never lasted long enough in one direction to obtain any result. The Minister had made one bold grasp towards the lead of Germany at the Princes' Congress of last year, but had characteristically failed to go far enough to attain any result, and was now turned right round in the course of twelve months. His policy in all subsidiary projects had broken down hopelessly. In Poland and in Schleswig-Holstein he had been equally unsuccessful. Count

Rechberg may possibly have been made the scapegoat of popular indignation, without deserving to be its sole object. His fault may have been chiefly in yielding to influences which it would have needed a man of tougher fibre to resist. The intrinsic weakness of the Austrian position must, in fact, tell upon the boldest Minister of Foreign Affairs. Venetia and Italy in the background, and the dead weight of a hopeless yearly deficit, make it hard work to walk erect, or in any but a rather devious line. But, whether Count Rechberg is or is not fairly responsible for the unsatisfactory results of the Prussian alliance, it seems probable that he has, in fact, been made to suffer for its failure. The Berlin papers have, of course, demonstrated abundantly that Count Mensdorff is just as favourable to Prussia as Count Rechberg; that everything is known at Berlin to have a meaning just the reverse of that ascribed to it at Vienna; and that, in short, the alliance has only received a new and stronger pledge. The truth, however, seems to be, that Prussia valued Count Rechberg's services so much as to endeavour to save him by offering, at the last moment, some of the commercial concessions which he had claimed as a reward of the alliance. At any rate, the unpopularity produced by his assumed partiality for Prussia facilitated, if it did not cause, his retirement.

It seems, then, that the change signifies at least an inclination on the part of Austria to diverge from the course prescribed by her Northern rival. The probability is, of course, neither strengthened nor weakened by official disavowals. The character of Count Mensdorff ought to be some guide to the policy intended, but unluckily Count Mensdorff appears to have merely the character of a creditable diplomatist—that is, to have, politically speaking, no character at all. Given the facts that a man has been an ambassador at the Court of Russia, that he is connected with the Royal Family of England, and that he has lately been in military command of Galicia, the problem is, what will he do about Schleswig-Holstein? We confess that it exceeds our powers of divination to foretell the direction to which he may incline, or to solve the more recondite question, what will be the importance of his inclining one way or the other? The most prevalent opinion seems to be, that his want of political experience will throw the lead into the hands of Count Rechberg's Liberal rival, M. von Schmerling. Thus, if Count Mensdorff's accession to office does not begin the reign of a new policy, it may mark the point at which the chief obstruction to the introduction of such a policy was removed.

So far, then, as the tendencies of the change can be perceived, they may be considered satisfactory, at least in the negative sense in which the collapse of a feeble policy is satisfactory. Count Rechberg's policy certainly contributed little to the honour of his country. The means by which he worked involved the lowering of Austrian prestige, and their object was to obtain advantages quite beyond his reach. His policy gained little credit at the time, and its success might have ultimately been a worse misfortune than its failure. An alliance between Austria and Prussia, cemented by a guarantee of Venetia, and in such a form as to crush the influence of the minor States, would have been ominous both to Germany and Europe. At home, it would have been a mutual insurance of princes against constitutional progress; abroad, it would have amounted to a standing menace to Italy. Austria would have still cherished the dream of regaining her lost provinces, and combining all Germany against France in an unrighteous cause. She would have been reckoning on such visionary advantages at the price of neglecting her own palpable interests—of omitting to set her house in order, and to develop her natural resources. The importance of the failure of these schemes was felt in regard to the late Convention between France and Italy. Count Rechberg at first placed himself in an attitude of hostility to France, which, however, in the absence of Prussian support, he seems to have completely changed in a vain effort to preserve his office. If the Pope could have called upon Austria for help in time of need against his subjects and neighbours, and if Austria could have interfered with the certainty that Prussia would act as her second, and keep an eye upon Venetia, the seeds of a serious danger would have been ready sown. We should have received two years' notice of a European war. Fortunately, Prussia, being in command of the situation, had no temptation to run any risk. Austria, having done some of her work, could only make a civil bow and beg to be remunerated—not by way of claim, but as a piece of pure benevolence. Prussia may possibly make some concessions with a view to a satisfactory arrangement of the Duchies, but will certainly enter into no obligation calculated to produce serious risk to herself. The Augustenburg claims may not improbably be benefited by the blow dealt to the alliance, as Austria leans more to the side of the minor States, and thus the fairest settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question may perhaps be expedited.

In regard to internal politics, the change points in the Liberal direction. M. von Schmerling, whose influence may be assumed to be in the ascendant, is, of all Austrian statesmen, the warmest supporter of the Constitution which has hitherto been so abortive from the total refusal of Hungary and Venice to have its blessings thrust upon them. Count Rechberg, as the representative of the old-fashioned, high and dry, aristocratic school, has been his great opponent. The complicated difficulties of bringing the Constitution into working order are, however, probably beyond the power of M. von Schmerling or any one else, and they will hardly be set to rest by any tinkering and patching of Ministries. In all its political relations, a repetition of the same fundamental difficulties haunts

the Austrian Government. The clutch upon Venice must be maintained by a vast standing army; and the standing army causes that series of financial embarrassments from which the Empire once seemed to be emerging, but which again appear to be opening as an insatiable gulf. So long as those embarrassments are not grappled with, we must expect to see Austria in the position of a sick man trying constant changes of physicians, but afraid to submit to a decisive operation. It is not likely that, under such circumstances, she can long pursue a dignified course towards foreign Powers, or towards other members of the Federation.

JOHN LEECH.

IT would be only pedantry to compare the late and lamented John Leech either with his contemporaries or his predecessors as a caricaturist. A caricaturist he was not; and if he is to be reduced to a single type, Hogarth is the only artist—and Hogarth only partially—to whom he can be at all likened. Chronologically, of course, Leech stood in legitimate succession as the representative humourist artist of the day, in that series which comprises the names of Bunbury, Gilray, Rowlandson, H. B., and George Cruikshank. But the range of each and of all these artists was confined, and their aim comparatively narrow. Bunbury attached himself to fashionable life, but he was a mere caricaturist, or distortionist. Gilray, with wonderful fertility of invention, chiefly occupied himself with politics. He was a partisan, and a coarse one. Occasionally he almost hit the sublime, as in the *Worship of the Sens Culotte* Deity; but he must have been a man of fiery temperament and strong passions. Rowlandson, who was a real artist when he chose, must have been a man of nasty ideas—so coarse, so swinish, so bestial are his subjects. And if he satirized the worst animal passions, it was not without a sneaking sympathy with them. H. B. confined himself, we believe, to political portraits, which were not deficient in character; but they were cold, and the wit usually required a scholiast. Cruikshank, though a genius of the first rank, and of wonderful fertility in invention, and unrivalled in subjects of *diablerie* and grim fancy, is absolutely without a sense of beauty. It has been reserved for Leech to pour out in unabated succession for more than twenty years, week after week, works of real art, which are certainly not caricatures, but rather humorous pictures, illustrating the actual life of the times, its political and social facts, with a precision and versatility and originality—and, above all, with a real moral goodness—which presents a new chapter in the history of the pencil. Hogarth's aim, it must be admitted, was much the same; and he had the unapproachable merit of originating a new function for art. He brought art home to living men by showing it concerned with living life—with the vices, follies, and facts of the times as they were. The "Enraged Musician" might have been one of Leech's own subjects; "Beer Lane" and "Gin Alley" might appear in next week's *Punch*; and if Hogarth's chief fame depends upon his two great pictorial epics, it is only by reason of a change in taste that Leech was precluded from scourging the Fast Life of our own days with the vigour of the immortal painter of the Georgian Rakes and Harlots. Hogarth attacked sin rather than folly; while Leech confined himself to the pettinesses and weaknesses of mankind. At any rate it is something to be proud of that neither our Hogarth nor our Leech prostituted their gifts by the sort of apotheosis of the *demi-monde* and Loretism which forms the main attraction of the *Charivari*. Leech, however, had advantages which were denied to Hogarth. The brush or the etching-needle were Hogarth's only tools; woodcutting is to a prolific draughtsman what the railway is to the traveller.

Leech's works divide themselves naturally into two great groups—the political and the social "pencilings," as he thought proper, and with all modesty, to call them. Political epigrams with the pencil were impossible in Hogarth's days. There was not a congregation for the pictorial preacher to address. Nor are we aware that the thing itself was in Hogarth's way. Besides which, the weekly epigram on *Punch's* full page only epitomizes the *Times's* articles of the week. It compresses, as with an hydraulic power, the floating sentiment of the day—presents it with admirable point, and in the neatest and most memorable shape. But Leech, as a politician, is hardly ever original. He only claims to reflect and to represent the general public judgment on men and things. Hence there is a certain timidity in his obsequious following suit to the popular voice. At the time of the Papal aggression he was a strong anti-Catholic; but as the popular fanaticism began to cool, he ventured on one of his most memorable hits—Lord John chalking up No Popery and then running away. If all the world had not agreed that the same Lord John's official powers were limited, we should not have had the Page who was "not strong enough for the place." Had not a gust of gossip surmised that Lord Brougham was, some twenty years ago, intriguing for place, we should not have had to laugh at that most comic of sketches, the ex-Chancellor as the Merryman in the Circus, ready "for to come, for to go, for to fetch, for to carry." But to say this is no disparagement to Leech. He secures impersonality by the palpable abeyance of his own private views. Gilray dashed and daubed under the inspiration of strong personal feelings, in his fierce attacks on the French Revolution. But Leech gains in force and impressiveness by merging the man in the chronicler. His commentaries on public

things are party commentaries, but they do not affect to be his own. They are the current interpretation of regular politicians; they only claim to represent with point and definiteness the judgment, on public men and public events, of at least half the nation. And this has its value—the value, that is, of all contemporary judgments, with their incompleteness, their rapidity, their one-sidedness, their inexactness. To the Macaulay that is to be, a volume of *Punch's* political "pencilings" will stand him in good stead for a file of the *Times*. But in one thing Leech must be credited with personal merits of no slight character in his political sketches. Personal in one sense he must be, but in the other he is not. It is always open to the political satirist to treat his subject in the spirit of the early *John Bull* and the manner of Theodore Hook. This is what Leech never did. Private character was to him a sacred territory. He never listened at keyholes, or subsidized butlers and lady's-maids for the barb of his epigrams. And if it should be said that the taste of our own days would not bear the revival of the *Age* and *Satirist*, it may be owing to such as Leech that the *Age* and *Satirist* are now-a-days impossible.

After all, however, it was not by his political satire that Leech made himself a personal friend and intimate of all English circles. He was one of ourselves. He entered into our common domestic life, with all its little funny affectations, its grotesqueness, its foibles, its weakness, and its strength. Leech shot folly as it flies; but he was never bitter, seldom cynical. He was not a mere Thackeray, with a theory of life that we all have a dark cupboard, that there is a spectre always hovering over the hearth, and some vice or crime that we dare hardly to confess to ourselves. Leech had all the human sympathies; a sense of the beauties of nature, both in men and the external world; a certain confidence in his kind, and a large sympathy with the great humanities. It was not, as in Thackeray's case, that the satirist took a solitary fable or a pettiness and expanded it into the representative of a class. Leech really did assume the class and then limn the individual. He was rather the Theophrastus than the Timon of Art. He could not, even had he been capable of writing, have invented a Becky Sharp; but it is no disparagement to Thackeray to say that he could not have imagined Leech's Mr. Briggs, or his ideal "servant-gal," or his superb flankers, or his schoolboys, so fearful and wonderful in their immature insolence, and in a wisdom of impertinence which nearly reaches the sublime. Nor must it be forgotten how wide was the range of Leech's keen observation. In the hunting-field, at the watering-place, on the river bank, in the drawing-room, in London streets, on the solitary moor, at home or abroad, far out at sea, in the next garret, sumptuous or squalid, high or low—it mattered not what was his subject, he was always at home. And, somehow or other, one never thought worse of one's kind even in their absurdities and vanities and oddities, after they had been quizzed by Leech. He always contrived to leave some subtle trace of sympathy with the objects of his pencil. He wielded only summer lightning, which played genially round its subject, but seldom scorched it. His victims, if they may be called victims, never became disagreeable or offensive. Once, and once only, if we remember right, he put forth his full strength when he drew a hideous and almost awful group of French prostitutes—the foreigners whom we could well spare; but somehow there seemed to be hardly enough of sincerity in the public mind to be grateful for, or to appreciate, this sterner stuff. It was not understood, and Leech never ventured again out of the region of the playful and sportive. It was in him to have been a Crabbe or a Swift; public taste compelled him to be elegant rather than austere. No doubt he was, in some class-portraits, monotonous. His girls, fresh, honest, pretty, and unintellectual, are true to fact, but, as a class—which perhaps makes them more true to fact—they are slightly tiresome. Yet there was always heart in them; their ankles might be impossible, but they represented the right stuff out of which wives and mothers are to be made.

In all this we have been, however slightly and superficially, only touching on the moral characteristics of Leech as an illustrator of extant English life. But it must not be forgotten that he was really a very great artist. It may be that his artistic versatility is to be traced to the circumstance that he was not regularly trained to art as Hogarth was. It may sound something like treason to the received canons if we say that Hogarth's professional training, slight as it was, cramped his genius. Leech, at any rate, by trying all branches of art, found the vast range of his powers. We are not aware that Hogarth ever went beyond character-drawing and expression by the human figure. Of landscape he seems to have known little. But Leech was equally at home when he had to hint the subtle sense, the mixed motive, the suppressed emotion, the unspoken witticism in his Peels or his Cobdens, his O'Connells or his Disraelis, or when he had to convey the vastness of immeasurable stretches of ocean, or the depths of a wood, or the lengthening distance of miles after miles of flat inland scenery by a few but masterly lines of the mere lead pencil. Nor was his art at all the less accurate because he occasionally reached even to something of Turner's sense of space. His horses are as well defined, and bear witness to as careful study, and as well satisfy the skilful in horse-flesh and horse points, as those of Alken; and in accuracy of drawing he was not inferior to the more legitimate disciples of the historical schools. The only wonder is how any man, compelled or induced to be so prolific, could find time for his largeness and versatility of study; and it could only have been by the hardest work that he so

seldom repeated himself, and was for so many years a genial student of life, and its conceits and follies, its strength and weakness. But his soul and strength were in his work, and it has been given to few with the same loving heart to feel, and with the same easy hand to transcribe, the powers of scenery, the mountain and flood, the deep squelchy ploughed fields, the blackness of night, the curl of the breaking sea, or the dulness of the moor. Of course he paid the penalty for all this hard work. Nobody can work week after week, and year after year, without intermission, and not suffer loss of the substance of life. Leech, it seems, was—or he could never have done what he did—susceptible, delicately organized, impatient of the little worries of life. He fell an early victim to over-work. His powers never failed; they seldom do in the case of a lover of work, and a conscientious high-minded character. His invention did not wax feeble, nor did his facility degenerate into mannerism and rapid iteration. But he sacrificed life for the means of life, or at least for the work of life. If he had taken a six months' holiday, he might have lived to a riper age; and though it may be an exaggeration to say that he was killed by the detestable organ-grinders, it is not too much to say that he was worked to death, and that, to a man in his excitable and probably morbid state, organ-grinding, or any other petty misery of human life dwelt upon and acutely realized, accelerated the crisis which only rest could have averted.

THE FRONTIER OF THE RHINE.

MANY of our readers must have noticed a map which hung all last summer in the windows of the shops round Charing Cross, entitled "Europe in 1866; or, the Natural Frontiers of the Peoples of Europe." There was a good deal in it to startle some people and to amuse others—to make the principles which had guided its author a little obscure, and his knowledge more than doubtful. Europe was remodelled in a very slap-dash fashion. Portugal was united to Spain—no doubt in order to gratify the wishes of both peoples, whose mutual love is proverbial. Austria was cut into two portions—one German, the other Slavonic, without any provision for the Magyars, who, it would seem from this, are to be considered a Slavic race. Ireland and Scotland were disjoined from England, and stuck together to form a single Celtic state (nothing is done for the Cymry)—an arrangement which it would be a pity to comment on. Let us only hope that the Scotch enjoy the prospect of being again confined to their own deserts, and that the Roman Catholics and Orangemen of Belfast will begin at once to take counsel together for the management of their island, so soon to be freed from the Sassenach. The Polish question is settled by creating a Poland which extends from the Baltic to the Euxine. Denmark and Finland are given to Sweden; poor old Turkey disappears altogether, and in her place we have a huge Greek Empire with which Servians, Roumans, and Bulgarians are all to be equally well satisfied. Two other features are, however, more noticeable than any of those already mentioned, for they suffice, without the word "Paris" in the corner of the map, to betray its origin. The same person who has so tender a feeling for nationality that he separates Scotland from England because there are still Highlanders speaking Gaelic, can upon occasion so disregard it as to give the Corsicans—Italian in race, language, and customs—to France rather than to Italy, and to hand over some millions of Germans to a foreign Power by advancing the frontier of France to the Rhine.

We are far from attributing any great importance to such a production as this. Its motive is too plain, and its blunders are too gross, for any one to be seriously influenced by it, or to see anything better than a rather heavy joke in the notion of setting Europe to rights after this fashion. Still it is indisputable that, partly from the political events of the last few years, partly from a general and growing dissatisfaction with the system of modern diplomacy, men have begun to look less unfavourably than they would once have done upon schemes of rectifying frontiers and reconstituting Europe according to an arbitrary theory. Some of the changes that have been proposed may be beneficial, some even unavoidable. It is clear that Austria cannot go on for ever as she is now; it is highly probable that we may, at no distant day, be called on to assist in the reconstruction of the Turkish Empire; nor can it be doubted that, however thoroughly the flame of revolt may seem to have been trampled out in Poland, the ashes will long be hot beneath. These questions are, however, too wide and complicated to be approached lightly, or judged hastily; it is of one far more simple and far more familiar to all of us that we wish to speak here. The project of annexing to France all Germany west of the Rhine has come to be regarded by many Englishmen as one, not indeed desirable, but natural and perhaps necessary, and one, too, which England has no great interest in opposing. That they should look at it thus may be unfortunate, but it need not be thought strange. They have heard French pamphleteers call out so long and so loudly for the cession, that they cannot but fancy there must be some show of justice in the demand. They remember how troublesome it was in schoolboy days to be sure of the boundary between Germany and France, and think it would be much simpler and better to have an unmistakable line, such as a great river furnishes. When duty and autumn drive them up the Rhine, they hear the waiters at the inns and the keepers of the gaming tables talk French, and take that to be the

proper language of the country. They call the towns by French names; they distinguish the west and east banks of the river as French and German respectively; they are worried by Prussian officialism; they have now, for these last few months, been naturally indignant at Prussia's overbearing violence; and they have begun to forget, in their desire to see a wrong-headed king and insolent aristocracy punished, at what a price that satisfaction would be bought. Practically these are the considerations by which, in a confused, half-conscious way, large numbers of our countrymen are guided. But French writers have a whole armoury of reasons, abstract and practical, historical, strategical, and diplomatic, to prove the annexation just and necessary. The most important of these it may be worth while shortly to examine.

First of all, there is the doctrine that the Rhine is the natural boundary (whatever that means) between Germany and France—a notion which seems to have originated in a sort of confusion between that which does exist in the world and that which might be wished to exist. There would have been some advantages, though there would also have been drawbacks, in a state of things in which it would have been physically impossible for any one nation to encroach upon any other—seas, rocks, and deserts separating them. But, as we endeavoured to show in a former article, nature has in very few instances placed between the peoples of Europe any such physical limits. Those which she has placed are not rivers, but mountain ranges. Rivers are in themselves the worst of all boundaries, and the least natural, because it is their function to connect, not to sever—because it is in river-basins that population is most compact and uniform, and commercial intercourse most active. The appeal to nature, therefore, if it is an argument at all, is an argument not for giving France more, but rather for taking from her that which she has—Alsace, namely, and the German part of Lorraine. Napoleon I. had a good eye for natural boundaries; he believed the Elbe to be the natural boundary of France, and acted on his belief. Nor can any reason be adduced for giving France the one river which would not equally justify her in advancing to the other.

The arguments from nature are fittingly followed by those from history. Gaul, according to Julius Cæsar, extends to the Rhine, and the Roman province in Imperial times had the same boundary. This may well be true without proving anything. Gaul is by no means France, and if all things were to be restored to their state in A.D. 100, the first step would be to send Jutes, Saxons, and Angles back to the Elbe, and summon the Gael and the Cymry to reoccupy their ancient heritage. But the fact seems to be that even under the Romans the western bank of the Rhine was inhabited by a Teutonic population just as it is now, and that the irruption of the Franks and Burgundians in the fifth century A.D. effected little or no permanent transference of territory from a Celtic-speaking to a German-speaking race. Eight centuries after Julius Cæsar, we are met by another historical argument, which may safely be left unrefuted, since it proves just the opposite of what it is meant to prove. That in Charlemagne's time the same monarch ruled on the Loire and on the Rhine would not show that Mentz and Cologne should obey Paris, but that all France should obey the Frankfort Diet, as the representative of the German monarchy. Then (and this is the last reason from history) we are reminded that, under Napoleon, the whole of the left Rhine-bank—the Netherlands included—was a part of France. So indeed it was, and so too were Holland, Hanover, and the Hanse towns; so was Switzerland; and so, under the flimsy veil of a protectorate in the one case and a separate kingdom in the other, was half Germany and all Italy. The third and most weighty reason adduced to justify the proposed annexation is one which it is hard to listen to with gravity, and which might have been passed over but for the solemn manner in which it has recently been advanced by a writer of some reputation in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A rectification of the frontier is demanded by the weakness of France in a military point of view. She has no proper line of defence on the north-east against an invading enemy, and must live, until she gets it in the form of a great river, in constant terror of a people so united, so warlike, and so resolute as the Germans. Fancy Russia declaring that Moscow can never be safe while Wallachia owns the supremacy of the Porte, or England requiring Nepal to protect herself against the aggressions of Tibet. After such a demand, one feels inclined to rub one's eyes, and ask whether history does not lie when she represents France as the aggressor in every great European war—that of the Revolution excepted—since the days of Louis XI.; whether it can be that she has constantly added to her own territory, and sent her victorious armies all over Germany and Italy; whether she is not now a second-rate Power, with a pacific, unambitious people, dwelling at ease under a weak though well-intentioned ruler, and Germany a compact and vigorous State, fitted for conquest by the excellence of her organization and the practical genius of her people. The writer in the *Revue* argues that before the Revolution, when North-Western Germany was composed of petty States, the danger to France was not so imminent, especially as some of these States were so devoted to French interests that their country was called "La France rhénane." Does he fancy that this is the meaning of that name, which, it is needless to say, is only a synonym for Franconia, the land of the Eastern or Rhenish Franks? One is loth to suppose such a blunder; yet what else can be made of his words? "But now," he proceeds, "instead of these weak and submissive States, we have aggressive Prussia for our neighbour, and must be in a condition to resist her." No one will defend the conduct of Prussia during the past

year; but Denmark is one enemy, and France another. Can it be supposed that Prussia, consciously inferior in numbers and energy, with no defensible frontier, and a long straggling territory flanked by jealous inferiors, is likely to be the aggressor in any war? or can any one doubt which capital such a war would first endanger, Paris or Berlin? It is not for France, maintaining an army which is the perpetual menace of Europe, able when unarmed to pour an irresistible host across the Alps in three weeks' time, to talk of moderation, and the need of having rivers and fortresses to protect her.

These, then, are the grounds, *valent quantum*, upon which it is proposed that France should light up a European war, and violate that very principle of nationalities for which she professed to have taken up arms in Italy in 1859, and to be ready to take up arms again in Poland. It is not pretended that the people of Rhenish Prussia or the Palatinate have any desire to be annexed to France, nor has any one talked of taking their opinion by universal suffrage. For all Europe knows, unless English tourists are to be made an exception, that these parts of Germany are just as German as Vienna or Berlin, and would resist a separation from their countrymen as firmly as Yorkshire would a separation from the rest of England. As far back as human memory extends, the Rhine has been to the Germans, not the boundary, but the centre of their country. Around it cling all the associations of their history. On its banks stand the most famous of their ancient cities, and the noblest memorials of their art. Some of these were lost two centuries ago with Alsace and Strasburg, but this makes the German people all the more jealous of those that remain—of Cologne and Mentz, Speyer, Treves, and Worms. These are surely feelings in which Englishmen may be expected to sympathize, even were they not the feelings of a people who are our nearest kinsmen in Europe, and who are also, whatever temporary dissensions may arise, our natural allies against the only Power from which we have anything to fear. Nor ought another aspect of the question which nearly touches us to pass unmentioned. Were France once established on the Rhine, nothing could prevent her from rapidly absorbing Belgium—a result which Frenchmen themselves might well deplore, since, with the little kingdom, would disappear the last spot where the French tongue is still used to express the thoughts of freemen.

The weakness of the arguments by which the agents of the French Emperor seek to defend the project of annexation affords little security that it will not one day assume a practical form. We have all seen the same game played once before—played out in the face of a condemnation as general, although against a weaker opponent. The seizure of Savoy and Nice was indeed a far meaner proceeding than the seizure of the Rhine provinces would be, for it was the spoliation of an ally; it was the exaction of a dishonourable payment for what had been promised as a free service. It had, however, one justification which would in the present case be wanting. The Savoyards spoke French, they were Catholics, and, though the oldest subjects of the royal house of Italy, they probably cared little to which monarchy they belonged. But Rhenish Bavaria and Hesse Darmstadt and Rhenish Prussia are inhabited by a people who have always been hostile to France, whose genius and manners differ from hers as much as does their language, who are in large measure Protestant, and who would pass, from governments which are at least constitutional and moderate, under a despotism which proscribes free speech and political thought.

It may be said that, if the feeling of these provinces and the sympathy of Germany generally is not strong enough to resist and baffle France, it cannot be worth much after all. The reproach would be a fair one, but it is not likely to be deserved. The armies of France might very possibly overrun the Rhine countries, and even hold them for some time, but they would be expelled in the end by a force stronger than that of bayonets. Not so much in order to save these countries as to prevent a conflict which would embroil all Europe and embitter national hatreds for years to come, it is desirable that the public opinion of England should manifest itself more strongly than it has yet done upon this matter. We have sinned ourselves in our time, but the disinterestedness of our more recent foreign policy gives us a right to blame the blind passion for annexation which seems still to exist among our neighbours. The French are accustomed to claim, and not altogether unjustly, the honour of leading the van of European progress. Let them ask themselves whether, in cherishing this thirst after increase of territory, they are not maintaining the worst traditions of an evil time, and whether it is not a sufficient condemnation of any Government to which they may entrust their destinies that it turns into a false and dangerous channel the energies of a great people, and offers dreams of robbery abroad in lieu of civil and political freedom at home.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF ELECTORS.

THE small sect of people whose most prominent characteristic is a tremendous parade of political conscientiousness are kept in a state of truly distressing indecision by the rumours of immediate dissolution which it suits the purposes of whips and electioneering agents to keep afloat. They cannot vote for a Radical candidate, while to vote for a Tory or an old-fashioned Whig they are ashamed. If you give them ten reasons why they should support one side, they are ready with an equal number which go the other way, and until a course of action has been

discovered which is not open to a single conflicting consideration, they positively refuse to be comforted, or to let their conscience have a moment's repose. Every device of casuistry is brought into play. A favourite newspaper is made the *ductor dubitantis*, and complex or impossible cases of candidature are submitted for oracular decision. Just as *Bell's Life* is consulted upon subtle points in All Fours or Spell and Nurr, or the *London Journal* upon the best mode of removing warts or recovering the affections of a strayed lover, the organs of the political purists are called upon to decide how an honest Liberal ought to vote when his choice lies between a supporter of universal suffrage on the one hand, and the son of a duke or cotton-spinner who has bought the borough on the other. There would be no kindness, even were it possible, in putting an end to perverse scrupulosity of this kind. A hypochondriac detests anybody who congratulates him on looking well. In much the same way, a man who prides himself on the number of objections which he alone can see to a simply sensible course in politics is far from grateful for suggestions which may indeed remove his affected anxiety, but which at the same time destroy his grounds for thankfulness that he is not as other voters are. Every time that Taper and Tadpole find it convenient to announce a dissolution next month or early in the spring, these morbid and restless spirits are afflicted by a new attack of indecision; but they derive an astonishing amount of consolation from the reflection how infinitely more elevated are their own notions of political duty than those of vulgar common-sense folks who keep a steady eye upon a certain number of practical ends. The members of this school of politicians, the sole article of whose simple creed is perplexity, are happily not very numerous. It would be well if those who follow the exactly opposite course were as few. There is no mischief to be apprehended from any line which the over-scrupulous elector may eventually decide upon adopting; but those who promptly reduce the whole question between two candidates to some one narrow issue are, from obvious causes, peculiarly likely to determine the question wrongly. The task of selecting the particular issue on which the constituencies are, if possible, to be misled is the most delicate function which electioneering partisans have to perform, and at present it is even more difficult than usual. In fact, so far, there has been no attempt to get up a good and really serviceable cry on either side. The extraordinary popularity of the Premier, that chief bugbear of puzzled purists, has hitherto been the only capital of the Liberal electioneers; and the agents of the Conservatives, knowing more of the truth than their journalists, are probably content with a devout prayer that Lord Palmerston may be "taken" before the general election. But there are symptoms that some of the Conservatives see the propriety of trying to get the question between them and their opponents stated in some other terms a little more favourable to their own chances of a majority. The annual dinner of the Rochdale Conservative Association was selected as a good opportunity for airing the new view. The Rochdale Radicals, it seems, are tired of the "empty vapourings" of their own party, and "disgusted with the vacillations of a professedly Liberal but really obstructive Whig Administration." To vote for a Conservative is rather an odd way of showing disgust with Liberals for being too Conservative, but that is neither here nor there. The statement is useful for keeping up the pleasing fable of the Conservative reaction, and the fact remains that Mr. Brett confidently hopes to oust Mr. Cobden from his seat for the borough.

Mr. Brett's exposition of the future division of parties will no doubt prove uncommonly useful to the Conservative agents and managers. He has shown them how to use Mr. Gladstone's famous democratic speech for electioneering purposes, and if they do their best with the new device they can scarcely fail to make temporary capital from it. As is proper in a declaratory manifesto at the opening of a contest, Mr. Brett takes up a position which may be wrong and capable of easy refutation, but which is at least both simple and intelligible. Lord Palmerston, he maintains, is no longer master in his own house, and he must soon cease to be master even in name. "It is the influence of Gladstone's formidable genius that we must be prepared to arrest," and it is impossible for Mr. Gladstone to lead a Ministry without introducing large measures of Parliamentary Reform. The end of Mr. Gladstone's policy would be to transfer the government from one class to another, to reduce all classes to absolute equality, and thus to revolutionize the country. The whole duty, therefore, of every elector who wishes well to the Constitution is to vote against every candidate who promises to support a measure for lowering the franchise. Of course, all this is not particularly original. It is impossible to indulge in any speculation upon the political future without instantly recognising the prominent part which Mr. Gladstone is certain to play in it, and without seeing that it is not at all improbable he may ultimately espouse ultra-democratic opinions. But the open anticipation of a violent change under his leadership, as an avowed and ample reason why people should vote for a Conservative candidate, is a decided novelty. Still it may serve Mr. Brett's purpose. To raise a simple issue of this kind is a sure way of catching votes. The dull fanatics of the Alliance are going to vote on the simple issue of compulsory teetotalism. They believe that nothing better can possibly be done for the country, by the machinery of the House of Commons, than that a certain number of people should be allowed to prevent everybody else from drinking beer. They may think the candidate on the wrong side in his views of taxation,

foreign policy, Parliamentary Reform, Church-rates, the Ballot, and everything else, but if he will only pledge himself to vote for the millennium of tea and lemonade, all the other trifles will be forgiven. Mr. Brett's compendious account of electoral duty is not so monstrously irrational as the doctrine of the teetotalers, but it involves a similar confusion of thought. To reject a candidate because he is wrong on a certain point, and that a point not urgent at the time, is a deliberate sacrifice of substantial advantages for the sake of preventing a blunder which is never likely to be made. When a Minister dissolves Parliament in order to take the sense of the country upon some special question, the votes of the country will be more or less an answer to that question. But when candidates try to confine the election to some particular issue which happens to suit their own convenience, and to persuade the electors that this is the only point really at stake, the result may be highly undesirable. The issue which Mr. Brett wishes the Conservatives to raise is in no sense before the constituencies. Of how many persons likely to seek a seat in the next House of Commons can it be said that "their end in view is to reduce all classes in England to their favourite equality"? Yet this is the alleged alternative. Unless the Conservatives have a majority, the levellers will be triumphant. Unless we will have Mr. Disraeli and Lord Malmesbury to rule over us, Mr. Gladstone will raise the flag of manhood suffrage and overthrow the Constitution. It is quite impossible to tell what extreme the Chancellor of the Exchequer may eventually reach, but it is a very insufficient ground for dismissing him from the public service that ten or twenty, or even five, years hence he may perhaps be preaching republicanism, or absolute monarchy, or a theocracy. If the men who avow themselves in favour of reform, because they think their sincerity will never be seriously tested, could be punished for their hypocrisy without making the House of Commons even less respectable than it is, nobody would regret their rejection. It is not easy, however, to see how a single improvement in legislation could be carried without the assistance of the very men who would thus be excluded. Everybody knows that the House of Commons will never concede anything that it can help conceding. Were it not for some of those who weakly swallow the party shibboleth of extended franchise which they cordially hate, concessions would be even fewer than they are. Under a Conservative Ministry, with a doubtful majority, no way in legislation could be made, and a not improbable result would be a sudden cry for reform. In such circumstances, the return of a Conservative member may be the best indirect means of hurrying on the catastrophe which Mr. Brett wants to go to Parliament expressly to avert.

The most pressing political want at the present time is unquestionably a strong Ministry. A Cabinet which could ensure an able and industrious set of administrators, and also command a sufficiently decisive majority in the House to carry their measures, would be the most effective agency for putting an end to the weary cant of noisy local associations, and to the consequent dishonesty of candidates. The basis of such a Ministry is comparatively of secondary importance. So uncommonly little has been got from a weak Liberal Government that those who want improvements in the diplomatic service, in codification, in the Poor-laws, or in anything else, would be only too thankful to receive them from a strong government of Conservatives. Whether such a government is possible may well be doubted, when we remember the want of discipline and union among the followers, and the few men of real power among the leaders. But this is the problem. The Rochdale Conservatives cannot be gravely blamed for trying to fasten an unpopular view upon their opponents. As an electioneering "dodge," it is not much more unfair than the cry of Protection which was raised against the Conservative candidates in 1852. Still, it is dangerous work to provoke laid ghosts, and in the long run the Conservatives may find that they have done no service to their own cause by trying to narrow the fight to a single issue, and that an unreal one. The wise elector will do well to pause before he accepts a one-sided statement of the ultimate question on which he is voting. Political votes, whether in or out of the House, are pretty sure always to be guided by manifold considerations. A voter may try to give due weight to each of them, without stopping in hopeless inability to calculate what practical step he ought to take in consequence.

THE NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

IT is strange that so much of the racing at Newmarket should be of indifferent quality. All authorities agree that the greater part of last week's sport was such as would not have attracted any body not professionally concerned to any place beyond the limits of an easy ride or drive from home. The wonder is, not that there is so little first-rate racing, but that there is so much of a lower class. The Houghton Meeting lasted the whole week, and although the short days of the end of October were made as long as possible by beginning early, the business of one day was left unfinished because it had become too dark for the judge to distinguish the colours of the contending jockeys. Looking at racing independently of the speculation which is connected with it, the most interesting race of the meeting was the Handicap Sweepstakes for three-year-olds on Thursday, in which Fille de l'Air was to meet some of the best horses of the year upon terms which would scarcely allow her to add another to her long list

of victories. The starters and weights for this race were as follows:—

	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
Cambuscan	8 9	Baragah	7 10
Fille de l'Air	8 7	Master Richard	7 4
Breeze	8 0		

Thus Fille de l'Air was to give 17 lbs., besides the mare's allowance, to Master Richard, and she was to meet Cambuscan upon nearly even terms immediately after Cambuscan, by winning his match with General Peel, had proved himself better than the second horse in the Derby and St. Leger. The result of this race was a good example of what may be done by handicapping, for Master Richard was enabled to beat Fille de l'Air, although he had never before distinguished himself in any race among first-class horses. He started both for the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. He did not start for the St. Leger, because there was another race at Doncaster for which he was prudently reserved, and which he won, being about his best performance. Master Richard is better at a mile than at a longer distance, but the length of course at Newmarket, being one mile and a quarter, was not more than he could travel pretty comfortably under moderate weight. There had been enough rain before the race to make the ground heavy, whereas at the previous meeting it had been very dry and hard; and probably this change was not in favour of Fille de l'Air in the difficult task she had to perform. At any rate that task was beyond her power, for Master Richard beat all the cracks in very handsome style, and won easily by a length. Baragah beat Fille de l'Air for second place by a head, and Cambuscan only got fourth, although it is likely that he could have done more if there had been any use in persevering. It was not easy to tell beforehand what this formidable French mare could or could not do, but it ought not to appear surprising that she failed to give what may be called 20 lbs. to a moderately good horse of the same year. Perhaps Master Richard was best known before this race from having finished behind Scottish Chief, both last year and this year, at Ascot. It might have been thought before the race at Newmarket that Baragah, if at his best, could give 6 lbs. to Master Richard and beat him, but it appears that those who thought so were mistaken.

The race for the Cambridgeshire on Tuesday produced a magnificent finish between Ackworth, who won it, and Tomato. We used to hear of Ackworth a year ago as a colt whose private trials made him out good enough to win the Derby, and those who backed him for the Derby on the strength of his reputation are now taking to themselves credit for having discerned the merit of the winner of the Cambridgeshire. Yet, if Ackworth's performance be considered, it will be seen that it falls far short of bringing him on a level with the best horses of his year. Tomato, of the same year, ran him as close as could be short of making a dead heat, and, instead of Ackworth giving Tomato anything for sex, she gave him 5 lbs. We saw in the Second October Meeting that, at even weights, Tomato could not keep anywhere near Fille de l'Air; and we may infer that Ackworth, upon the same terms, would get even a more unmitigated beating. This is not putting a very high figure of merit upon the winner of the Cambridgeshire; but then it is to be observed that the net value of the stakes was 2,405*l.*, and, besides the stakes, both the present and the late owners of Ackworth were reported to have won something like ten times the amount of the stakes in bets. A horse who has been the means of winning all this money becomes in a certain sense famous, but his reputation will not be comparable to that of Blair Athol or Fille de l'Air. Ackworth's early failures were attributed to a fault of temper for which remedy was sought in an operation which deprives him of any other hope of fame than that which arises from his own exploits. After running third for the Cesarewitch with 7 st. on his back, his chance of the Cambridgeshire at the same weight and only half the distance looked so good that the Marquis of Hastings was induced to buy him for 2,000*l.* of Mr. H. Hill, in whose colours he ran in the Cesarewitch, and also, with little credit, in the Derby. It seemed that 2,000*l.* was a long price to give for a gelding, even with a good chance of the Cambridgeshire in him; but the result has proved that the Marquis of Hastings knew quite well how to make a bargain. Superstitious people might think that the change of owners had brought the horse a change of luck, and certainly Mr. Hill, although persevering as much and deserving as well of fortune as his competitors, has not been often favoured with the smiles of the fickle goddess. It is remarkable that the winners in two principal races of the Houghton Meeting should have been trained in the same stable. There were three horses under John Day's care which the partisans of the Danebury stable supported, with more or less confidence, for the Derby—namely, Copenhagen, Ackworth, and Master Richard. The two latter have now justified the partiality of their friends, but Copenhagen has never improved upon his indifferent performance for the Two Thousand Guineas. The winner of the Cambridgeshire was a good deal backed for it after getting third in the Cesarewitch, but, although Tomato has always borne a high character, her weight must have been thought too great for her, as she was hardly backed at all, and started at the truly outside price of 100 to 1. It is easy to imagine the excitement of the Ring when Tomato looked all over the winner close to home. Baron Rothschild is popular on the turf for his character as a sportsman, but if his mare had pulled the fielders through, in a race where all the favourites were heavily backed, his popularity would have rested upon even more solid ground than that of his own good

qualities. The pace for the Cambridgeshire seems to have been very severe, and at any rate it was severe enough to knock over more than one patched-up horse who certainly could not have won without discredit to his sound competitors. The cause of the pace being so severe at starting was that the run home happened to be the way to Blue Mantle's stable, and, accordingly, Blue Mantle started as if he really meant for once to do as well as he could. But it seems to have occurred to him after half a mile that he might get to his stable soon enough without hurrying himself inconveniently, and so he left the race to horses who were naturally more disposed to try, or more capable of being compelled. The pace, however, was maintained by other horses when Blue Mantle declined to make further efforts in that behalf, and it told with fatal effect upon Brick and Saccharometer, who had been supported by the public with a zeal bordering on infatuation. Brick, a son of the Flying Dutchman, was much talked about as a two-year-old, and he was backed for the Two Thousand Guineas last year at a short price. During his preparation for this race he went amiss, and was thus prevented from starting for a race in which his friends affirmed that he would have beaten Macaroni. He has been in retirement ever since, and it was asserted that he had become quite sound, and that his owner, Lord Stamford, had tried him with Cambuscan so satisfactorily that he regarded the Cambridgeshire as a certainty. Accordingly, Brick was made first favourite, and remained so up to Saturday before the race. Another great public favourite was Saccharometer, who, undoubtedly, was a good horse as a two-year-old, and when he ran second to Macaroni in the Two Thousand. Saccharometer is a very beautiful horse, but he has forelegs which have been sometimes called "dicky," but which we were assured had become all right, as they certainly seemed to be when he ran a race over the Cambridgeshire course at the previous meeting. Believers in this fair appearance put down their money freely on Saccharometer, and both they and the partisans of Brick saw their favourites beaten out of the race. It would have been strange and unsatisfactory if it had been proved to be possible to patch up a horse, once reported to have unsound legs, so as to enable him to win one of the greatest handicaps of the year. Among the competitors of these two horses were many in whose praise it would be difficult to find much to say, but at least it may be asserted that most of them had four legs to run upon. The trial of Brick need not have been delusive as regards speed, for, with Cambuscan in the form he has lately shown, Lord Stamford could scarcely make a mistake; but no trial can equal the severity of such a race as the Cambridgeshire, for which it really seems extravagant to back at a short price anything but a perfectly sound horse. There was seen lately, in Adventure, a remarkable example of a horse which, after breaking down last year at Ascot, was so far restored as actually to win a race at Doncaster. But Adventure has since broken down worse than ever, and will not run again. A patched-up horse may be admirable as a proof of veterinary skill, but he is not the same as a sound horse, and this the race for the Cambridgeshire conspicuously demonstrated.

The race for the Criterion Stakes, the last important two-year-old contest of the year, discovered a promising Derby colt in Mr. Naylor's Chattanooga, who, like Mr. Merry's Liddington, is a son of Orlando, winner of the Derby in 1844. Chattanooga was bred at the Royal Paddocks at Hampton Court, and was bought by Mr. Naylor at last year's sale. All accounts agree in praising Chattanooga's looks and style of going, and he won like a race-horse, beating Brahma at even weights by two lengths. Among the penalized horses were Gladiateur, winner of the Clearwell; Audax, winner of the Two-Year-Old Sweepstakes at Doncaster; and the Duke of Beaufort's Koenig, who has passed with credit through a hard season's work. These horses may be very good, without being good enough to win the Criterion under a penalty of 9 lbs., as Fille de l'Air did last year. But no one of them has done enough to mark himself out as specially formidable for the Derby, and the winter favourites are likely to be Liddington, Breadalbane—who is backed, as brother to Blair Athol, without having run in public—and Chattanooga. It seems possible that the last-named horse may bring back to Mr. Naylor's stable some of the reputation which it enjoyed in Macaroni's time.

The match between General Peel and Paris excited no great amount of interest, for Paris has fallen off greatly since the Two Thousand; and it was therefore an easy matter for General Peel to give him 7 lbs. over two miles and beat him. As regards almost all the residue of the proceedings of the Houghton Meeting, it will be well to forget them as soon as possible.

REVIEWS.

MISS FREER'S MARRIED LIFE OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA.*

THERE is a way of writing what is called history or biography which seems to have strong temptations for many people, but which it is not desirable to encourage. A person reads a great many books about a subject, and "gets it up"; then, feeling much interest in it, and perhaps thinking it a pity that the impressions made by all this reading should be wasted, he resolves

to pour out all his knowledge into a book. But he never asks himself what special reason he has for writing about it; whether the subject needs fresh treatment or a new book; whether what he has learnt from his books is something which no one has gathered from them before; whether he can tell the story in a new way, and a new way which is worth telling it in; whether he can answer questions and reconcile contradictions which obscure and confuse it, and which have baffled former narrators; whether either his sources of knowledge, or his powers of using them, are such as to give him a distinct and assignable advantage over his predecessors in the same field. It is enough for him that he has read up, diligently and carefully perhaps, the works which have gradually been accumulating on the subject, and which are perfectly well known and open to all who care to inquire about it; and that he has, with more or less skill, digested and arranged what they present. It is not unlikely that the exercise of drawing up such an abstract and compilation may have been of use to the writer in fixing in his mind the knowledge which he has gathered in his reading. But it ought to be understood that the knowledge which is sufficient to produce a creditable and useful exercise is not enough to produce an historical work which, in this age of the multiplication of books, has a claim on our time and attention. If a person has something new to tell us, or has the art and skill to recast old materials in a shape which bears the stamp of his own workmanship and mind, it is worth while, whatever we may think of his views, to listen to what he has to say. We shall probably gain something by it, either in the way of facts or in the manner of dealing with facts. But we feel that we gain nothing, except an exercise of patience or the filling up of an idle hour, when a writer simply puts together—perhaps with neatness and easy fluency, perhaps with questionable rhetoric and sentiment—a story which has already been amply told in all substantial respects, and perhaps with more originality of research and force of conviction; and when all the illustration which is added, whether for characters or events, is obtained, not from a deeper insight into men and a more comprehensive judgment of their ways and motives, but from the trappings and tinsel of a more theatrical exhibition of their outward appearance and behaviour.

Miss Freer's "Historical Studies" appear to us to be an instance of a kind of writing for which we find it difficult to find any real and serious use. They are, however, a favourable specimen of their class, for, with the exception of a foolish and slovenly mannerism in using French words where English ones would do as well, and some quaint peculiarities of spelling, grammar, and punctuation, her fashion of telling her story is generally clear and straightforward, and she makes no pretence to philosophical depth and originality of thought. The bulk of her volumes is taken up with an account of the *Married Life of Anne of Austria*. But the "married life" of Anne is not enough to fill up the whole of her second volume; so she completes it with an "historical study" of Don Sebastian of Portugal, who had not much to do with "Anne of Austria." Thus the "historical study" fashion is really an excuse for not dealing with a subject thoroughly. If Anne was worth writing of at the length at which Miss Freer writes part of her history, her life was worth following out as a whole. The "widowed life" of Anne was quite as remarkable as her "married life"; but Miss Freer, we suppose, gets tired, and so she breaks the thread of her story abruptly, without any reason in the story itself, and puts us off with Don Sebastian as a finish. The book betrays the absence of deliberate plan, of careful and patient working out, and of interest in the subject as a whole. It is an overgrown sketch for which the artist is anxious to obtain credit, but which she is not sufficiently in earnest to complete. This leaving-off in the middle, merely because the writer did not choose to take the trouble to go on, does not prepossess us in favour of the book; nor does its execution lead us to think that Miss Freer understands adequately her business as the writer of an historical book. She tells us that it is taken "from numerous unpublished sources," including of course, what every one must quote from nowadays, the archives of Simancas. It is true that she makes reference, though much more sparingly than her title-page would lead us to expect, to manuscript authorities in the Imperial Library at Paris; and we presume, from her way of making the references, that they are, in many cases, the result of her own researches. But her manner of citation is so loose, and she thinks it so little necessary to specify what manuscript authorities she has herself worked at first hand, that we are often in doubt whether she has looked at a document herself or only knows it from the use made of it by other people. M. Cousin has quoted largely from the French manuscript collections, in his biographical sketches of those ladies of the seventeenth century to whom he is so devoted; and it is not always easy to distinguish between references which Miss Freer means to be understood to be her own, and those which she has got from M. Cousin. As to the Spanish archives, we cannot find that she knows more about them than what she has learned from M. Capefigue, M. Gachard, and the Spanish printed collection of documents. If Miss Freer has really worked as an original explorer among "unpublished sources" to any important extent, it is a pity that her want of clearness in telling us what she has done should interfere with the credit to which she is entitled; but, if she mainly knows manuscript authorities through the citations of M. Cousin and M. Capefigue, it is something of an exaggeration to speak in her title-page of "numerous unpublished sources."

* *The Married Life of Anne of Austria. Don Sebastian of Portugal. Historical Studies.* By Martha W. Freer. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864.

The truth is, that it would have been wiser and more modest in her to drop the prevailing fashion of talking about "unpublished sources," and to profess no more than what she has done, which is, to turn to account the abundant materials which exist in the shape of printed books. We have no doubt that Miss Freer has quickened her interest in her subject by turning over manuscript documents in the Bibliothèque Impériale. She undoubtedly gives accounts of things which we suppose, from her references, are derived from papers which have not been made use of before, though her way of speaking of these papers is sometimes rather perplexing. She never thinks it necessary to tell us much about their real character and value, and what she does say is not always intelligible. But her book does not rest on original inquiries and investigations carried on amid records that have not seen the light. Her real authorities for the bulk of her work are the well-known old *mémoires*—full of gossip and scandal, and full of matchless pictures and illustrations of character—with which every one who cares about the history of that time is acquainted. These are Miss Freer's real materials, and they are not bad ones for a person of lively fancy and fluent pen to make a book from. She has been very much entertained herself by the keen and vivid insight which they give into character and incident, and with the scenes and pictures which they call up; and she has wished to work up their various reports and hints into a narrative of her own, as picturesque and coherent as she could make it. But this is all that her book really is. There is nothing in it but what is to be found, generally with more freshness and point, in the *mémoires* which she draws upon. She supplies nothing important from unpublished documents to explain or complete what is said in the published ones. She simply takes from the works before her, without any attempt to estimate their value, or to clear up in earnest the inconsistencies or difficulties which they present. She repeats, with a good deal of desultory comment, and sometimes with more than is needed of sentimental or romantic talk, what she finds said in Tallemant des Réaux, or M^{me}. de Motteville, or the *Mémoires* of Richelieu. She is simply at the mercy of her quick-witted and shrewd, but not always very credible, informants; she never gets beyond what they have to tell, and on the questions which they have left unanswered she has seldom any fresh light to throw.

It ought to be said, to Miss Freer's credit, that she has resisted the temptation of making Anne a heroine, in spite of her fair hair and beautiful hands, her unsympathizing husband, and the troubles and ill-usage of her life. She is perfectly candid in reporting all that she finds written to Anne's disadvantage; she nowhere shows any inclination to gloss over or smooth down. Her facts leave a very strong impression behind them of Anne's love of intrigue of all kinds, her narrow and mischievous devotion to her family interests, her selfishness, and her unscrupulous falsehood. But this alone is but vague, and does not carry us very far in trying to gain a distinct conception of character; and Miss Freer does not seem ever to have taken the trouble to form to herself the notion of a character as a whole. The elements lie scattered about side by side, but there is no attempt to connect and order them. A book of this kind—in which all sorts of various, and even discordant, appearances are candidly brought together, but without any governing view in the writer's mind to interpret and unite them—is apt to make the reader's head swim; it is like looking on one of those toys in which contrasted colours are put close together, so as to produce a kind of dazzling effect of continued motion. A writer is certainly to be pitied who has the task, not of explaining the main features of Richelieu's public policy, but of unravelling the tangle of lies and plots and virulent mischief-making which made up the Court life over which he presided. Miss Freer is not strong enough for it; and it is amusing to see how helplessly she submits to the word of the awe-inspiring Minister, and how his assertions and authority impose on her imagination. A great part of Anne's married life consisted in a keen struggle of trickery and unscrupulous countermining between her and Richelieu. Miss Freer is probably right in thinking, though the evidence is generally of a loose kind, that Anne was not very particular about what she said or did. There can be little doubt that she looked forward to what she might do with herself after her husband's death, that she plotted with the Spaniards to help forward the home conspiracies against Richelieu, that she kept up dangerous correspondences abroad, that she was skilful and without scruple in prevaricating and dissembling, and that, like most people in her position at the time, she did not hesitate to forswear herself on the Sacrament itself. This is very true; and it is also true that, in the trial of strength between her and the Minister, the Minister completely defeated her, and reduced her to beg for his mercy. But it is hardly fair towards her to assume, as Miss Freer seems to do generally, on Richelieu's own word, or on the faith of papers coming from him or drawn up under his eye, that his account of the matter was the true one, that in his management of the quarrel there was no foul play, no forging of papers, no invention of crimes, no false evidence, no lies of informers or spies. Miss Freer thinks that Richelieu had good evidence against the Queen at the time of Chalais' conspiracy. She appeals to the "archives of Simancas"; but as we have not access to them, and she does not think it necessary to quote from them, we can only notice her assertion. But, in her own account, her reason for saying so seems to be that she assumes that Richelieu could not have gained his victory unless he had good evidence. "Nothing can efface the fact," she says, "that Louis XIII. believed the Queen guilty; besides, why was the Queen subjected to persecution and sur-

veillance if no evidence attested her connivance in the project of Chalais?" This is a specimen of Miss Freer's hard dealing with Anne; for her argument supposes that Louis XIII. was a man of ordinary sense and fairness, instead of being an extreme case of the union of a scrupulous conscience with almost every quality, except gross sensuality, that degrades a man; and also that Richelieu was too generous and too upright to "persecute" the Queen out of vengeance or policy. In the account of the final submission of the Queen, after the famous search for her papers at the Val-de-Grâce, Miss Freer is satisfied with taking Richelieu's own report of the business. Without being prejudiced in favour of the Queen, Miss Freer might perhaps have done as well to keep more distinctly in view that this is a completely *ex parte* report. The fact of its being found in Richelieu's handwriting, in the manuscripts to which she refers in her notes, does not make the statement itself more conclusive than it is in the printed text of his *Mémoires*, where it appears in substantially the same form.

There is one passage of Anne's life which is an awkward one for her biographer to deal with. Three or four months after Anne had undergone her deepest humiliation, had come within the danger of high treason, and had barely escaped a divorce, and when twenty-two years of her married life had passed in estrangement, and without any hope of children, the kingdom was surprised with the announcement that she was looking forward to being a mother. The son who was born became Louis XIV., and in due time he was followed by a brother. It is hardly surprising that it should have been made a matter of question whether they were the sons of Louis XIII. Miss Freer gives the current story which went about to silence dangerous scepticism, and which reads like a parody on the hunting-scene in the *Æneid*. She appears to have her doubts; but the natural difficulty which she feels in dealing with it illustrates the advisableness of writers weighing their subjects well before venturing on them. An historical student who enters on the married life of Anne of Austria from "unpublished sources" ought to be prepared to meet the question of the reconciliation of Louis XIII. with the Queen from whom he had been so long alienated, and who had become the object of his deepest suspicion and dislike. But in Miss Freer's account there is really nothing which gives any authentic indications whether the relations between husband and wife, so long and so rudely interrupted, were re-established or not. It is not a pleasant subject to handle; but an historian is bound to ascertain, as far as he can, whether or not a strange and eventful crime was committed. A mere tale of scandal he may well leave on one side; but this is more than a mere tale of scandal, and, if "unpublished sources" cannot help us to a judgment in a case like this, we hardly see what they are good for. We are not surprised that Miss Freer should have felt that she was not exactly the person to say much more than she has said about the matter. But then it was hardly worth while to write a new and detailed life of Anne of Austria without being able to throw more light than she has done on one of the most important and critical parts of it.

CLEOPATRA.*

THE entertaining game of whitewashing—or, to use a politer term, rehabilitating—historical characters of doubtful fame is going on merrily. All the cherished monsters and villains of our earlier days are being taken from us, one after the other, and soon there will not be a single bugbear left with which to frighten the youthful student of history, and point to him a perceptible moral. Henry VIII. has been deprived of his well-won reputation for brutality, Richard III. has lost his moral as well as his physical hump, Robespierre's green visage is green no more, Tilly has been transmuted into a respectable War-Christian, the Tiberius of Tacitus has been consigned to limbo, and Nero must henceforth be mentioned with respect. And, now that the supply of male monsters begins to fall short, the turn of the female has come, and one more unfortunate has been added to the list in the person of the ill-used Cleopatra.

M. Adolf Stahr, to whose fertile pen we owe this most recent *tour de force*, is already known as an active and enterprising "rehabilitator." It is impossible to read anything written by him without pleasure; nor has he ever appeared to greater advantage than in his last two publications, forming part of a projected gallery of "Pictures from Antiquity." The first of these was a well-sustained vindication of Tiberius as a ruler and a man. It received less attention than it deserved, on account perhaps of the contemporaneous appearance of Mr. Merivale's volumes on the same period of Roman Empire, which, upon the whole, treated the character of Tiberius in the same spirit, but with less vehemence and more exhaustiveness of criticism. Both writers, widely different in their habits of mind and style, had set themselves the same task of weighing the evidence of Tacitus in the balance, and pointing out the aspersions which his political bias and blinding prejudice had cast upon a most remarkable man. In this endeavour each, after his own fashion, succeeded; and M. Stahr was sufficiently delighted with the success of his attempt to set to work immediately upon another popular character of Roman history, which seems to have particular attractions for his ardent mind. The tone of his book on Cleopatra would be extremely affecting if it were not also slightly ludicrous. M. Stahr throughout speaks of Cleopatra

* *Cleopatra*. Von Adolf Stahr. Berlin: 1864.

with the vehement gallantry of a champion rescuing a lovely woman in distress; and runs amuck against poor Plutarch and Dio Cassius, and against bookworms and pedants in general, like a Don Quixote armed with a classical dictionary. He never pauses to make the reflection that Cleopatra has not met with so very hard treatment, after all, at the hands of an unfeeling posterity. He will vindicate her fame, and nobody shall prevent him.

Probably M. Stahr thinks himself too much a child of nature, and man of the world at the same time, to allow that he belongs to any school of modern historians of Rome. He has, however, adopted most of the shibboleths of the young and lusty school of whom the brilliant Professor Mommsen is the acknowledged chief. The prime articles of their faith are that there was but one Caesar, that the aristocracy whom he overthrew was a rotten body of selfish impostors, and that its prophet Cicero was the most contemptible impostor of them all. Against the latter view, which is constantly being advanced with an air of the most startling novelty, it is impossible too frequently and too strongly to protest. Cicero was not a strong character, but his assailants have in vain been defied to prove him a dishonest one. What right has M. Stahr to declare Cicero's opinion of the character of Cleopatra's father, Ptolemaeus Auletes, worthless, because Cicero was himself "implicated in the dirty intrigues and corruption by which the exiled monarch for years at Rome attempted to bring about his reinstatement"? So far from having a word of decent compassion, if not of indignation, for the orator's death, he considers that to have spared him would have been "superhuman virtue" on the part of Antonius, whose most passionate and "most unconscientious" enemy he had been. This violent prejudice goes so far as to make M. Stahr decry Cicero's authority as a literary critic of Antonius' style, by abusing him as a peddling "syllable-monger" (*Syllabenteucher*).

But if M. Stahr is as vehement in his hates as he is ardent in his loves, in everything pertaining to criticism of the ancient authorities he affects the judicial calmness of a grammatical commentary. This is the manner of his school, inherited in the first instance from the great father of critical Roman history, Niebuhr. But a master's hand is needed to use the weapon aright. M. Stahr appears to conceive himself gifted with a kind of second-sight in discovering the original sources of the ancient writers' accounts, compared with which Niebuhr's extraordinary hits in that line are mere child's-play. The brilliancy of M. Stahr's discoveries is at first very dazzling, but fades away a little on closer examination. Thus he is anxious to prove the story to be a mere fable, according to which Antonius, after his defeat at Actium, built himself a pier with a palace on it at Alexandria, and shut himself up inside in gloomy despair—a story adopted by both Drumann and Merivale. To prove the story worthless, it suffices for M. Stahr to point "with tolerable probability" to its source, which he asserts to be the epic poet C. Rabirius, fragments of whose poem *De Bello Alexandrino* were found at Herculaneum, and from which Seneca quotes the passage:—

Hoc habeo, quodcumque dedi.

This may or may not be the case; but why is this same Rabirius afterwards quoted as good authority to support M. Stahr's attempt to disprove Cleopatra's betrayal of Pelusium to Octavianus? And this very Rabirius will afford us another instance of M. Stahr's ingenious but transparent method of playing with his authorities. In a note to p. 24c, a long passage is quoted from this writer, descriptive of Cleopatra's experiments in various kinds of poison not long before her death, which the poet represents her as having made on several human beings in the public market-place, amidst a great concourse of people. Surely, M. Stahr remarks with much show of reason, the poet here coloured too strongly for the benefit of the Roman public, in representing that as having been done under the glare of publicity "which Cleopatra at the most attempted in private, in the retirement of her palace, in the presence of her physician Olympus." And yet, in the very next page, when M. Stahr wishes to show Cleopatra's skill in frustrating the endeavours of Octavianus to obtain possession of her person as an adornment of his triumph in Rome, he says:—"Those preparations for death and experiments in poisoning had been carried on quite openly, for the very reason that she wished her adversary to hear of them." Again, the exertions of Antonius in his unfortunate Parthian campaign are stated to be undeniable, because, according to Heeren, Plutarch based his narrative of them on the adverse testimony of Q. Dellius. But Antonius' desertion of Octavia and return to Alexandria, as recounted by Plutarch, are asserted to have received a false colouring, because, according to M. Stahr, Plutarch's sources in this case were the memoirs of Octavianus. For M. Stahr's view of Cleopatra's flight from Actium we have an express testimony in Dio Cassius, which disproves an insinuation in a contrary sense in Plutarch. Yet subsequently, in the account of the negotiations between Cleopatra and Octavianus, the origin of the narrative of Dio Cassius, "unfavourable and hostile to the memory of Cleopatra," is to be sought in the statements of Octavianus and his followers; while the other story, which Plutarch adopted in this part of his biography of Antonius, although in many respects poetically coloured, "comes nearer to the truth, and places in its right light the conduct of Octavianus towards the unhappy conquered woman."

So much for M. Stahr's method, of which it is needless to multiply instances. As for the substance of his book, it entirely fails, in our opinion, in casting any new light on the troubled life of the

Egyptian Queen which would justify the world in modifying to any considerable extent the view which it generally takes of her "memory." We agree with M. Stahr's reiterated assertion that her whole life was a long-sustained endeavour to maintain herself on her father's throne. Why, then, does he, carried away as usual by the occasion, in one instance attempt to show that she intended a great deal more than this? The very scanty knowledge we possess about her relation to Julius Caesar he has enthusiastically worked up into a romantic picture, beginning with the mattress in which she had herself conveyed to Caesar's chamber, and culminating in her wish and determination "to share as queen at the side of the proud Roman conqueror his rule over the world." It was she who, according to M. Stahr, determined Caesar to the expedition against the Parthians, which only his death prevented. Her conduct after the dictator's death was, to say the least, doubtful; but it is at all events certain that she never intended to throw in her lot with the Triumvirs, and Antonius in particular, until after Philippi. Then, with swift readiness, she formed her resolve, and all at once at Tarsus came, saw, and conquered Antonius. As to her influence on him, it is not very profitable to speculate on the question whether she "loved" him or not. At all events, her obvious interest was quite sufficient to guide her conduct, even without the absorbing affection which, according to M. Stahr, brought "her heart into play." To Antonius, as to the bird charmed by the serpent, her attraction was fatal from first to last. His first sojourn in Egypt even M. Stahr—who loves Antonius with a love passing that of a biographer—allows to have been a frittering away of time; his return to Cleopatra, after his interview with Octavianus on the Galesus in the year 36, was his ruin. Very feebly M. Stahr at first attempts to palliate his desertion of Octavia by reminding us that she "was with child, and he did not wish to expose her to the sea-voyage and the dangers of the war in the East." But those who condemn the act as a breach of faith, M. Stahr roundly salutes as mere bookworms (*Stubengelehrte*), who cannot, like himself, recognise in the deed the dictates of a "psychological" necessity. We may not blame Cleopatra for the failure of the Parthian expedition; but that she delayed the march of vengeance into Media it seems impossible to deny. And now ensues the period of Cleopatra's influence over Antonius, which swiftly and surely dragged him towards his fall. His holding a triumph in Alexandria was the first open sign of his treason against Rome. When he had become an Egyptian, and was giving away provinces of the Roman Republic to his Egyptian concubine and bastards, he made the cause of Octavianus the cause of Rome. Even his own remaining friends in Italy called aloud for his separation from Cleopatra, as his only chance of salvation. M. Stahr says that the "absurdest" rumours spread about him had gained the ears of the Roman populace, declaring him to have already given away Rome to his concubine, and to have resolved to transfer the seat of the Roman Empire to Alexandria. The former rumour was scarcely absurd, and of the truth of the latter there were numerous strong indications. Whether the woman who lured Antonius to destruction betrayed him when it came upon him, it is now very difficult either to affirm or to deny. That she deserted him at Actium, is certain. It is to no purpose that M. Stahr quotes Dio Cassius, and appeals to the authority of Mr. Merivale, for the statement that she and Antonius had agreed upon effecting a retreat by sea in case of the defeat of his fleet. Cleopatra fled before the defeat had taken place, and alone. Antonius followed her, "perhaps," says M. Stahr, "to make her sail back, or to give a decisive turn to the battle with her aid." All we know is that she fled, and that his infatuated pursuit of her lost him both battle and empire. The events connected with the meeting of Octavianus and Cleopatra, his attempts to obtain possession of her alive, and her successful elusion of them, are narrated by M. Stahr in the light most favourable to his heroine; in any case they cannot much influence our opinion of her character, as anything might be pardoned to a queen and a woman in extremity.

In conclusion, M. Stahr has been unable to avoid incidental illustrations of Cleopatra's character which tally ill with his endeavour to raise her relation to Antonius to the level of the loves of Pericles and Aspasia. As for Antonius, M. Stahr goes very near the truth when, in an unguarded moment, he compares him to Murat. Cleopatra was a Greek no doubt, with many of the charms of Greek culture, but these were obscured in her by the darker traits belonging to all Oriental despots. Murder and violence were weapons which she employed as familiarly as her smiles. The first boon which she craved of Antonius was the death of her sister Arsinoë, whom his soldiers dragged out of the sanctuary of Artemis at Miletus. Human life and happiness were playthings in the hand of the beautiful queen, and the frequent stories of her violence and cruelty towards her slaves show her to have had the claws as well as the beauty of the tiger. Shakespeare, whose testimony as that of a diviner of the truth M. Stahr is never tired of quoting when he can quote it to his purpose, in order to show that he has inspiration as well as evidence on his side, saw and reproduced this side of her character. No wonder, then, that the "great fairy" appeared a "foul Egyptian" in the eyes of the Roman world. Her gorgeous feasts, her palaces crowded with eunuchs, her gaudy-days when Egyptian music sounded and Egyptian rites were performed, might well fill the imagination of Propertius, till he saw in her the latest and most awful type of woman in her most dangerous aspect. M. Stahr accuses the poet of the meanest

anttery, which fills him with disgust, but the instinct of the Roman world which animated him was nevertheless no false one. It directed the patriotism as well as the prejudice of Rome to a great effort against the Isis and Osiris of Alexandria, even though its end could only be subjection to a cold and unloveable master like Octavianus.

EARLY ENGLISH TEXTS.*

THE Early English Text Society seems to be an offshoot from the Philological Society. We have sometimes rather wondered at the latter body so often publishing the whole of long early poems, which seemed to ask for a world of their own and to be rather out of place in the Transactions of a Society. The Early English Text Society seems designed to take this portion of the duties of the Philological Society off its hands. The names of the Editors and other promoters of the new body are for the most part names with which we are familiar in the Transactions of the older one; and the first-fruits of their labours, the two texts now before us, might easily pass for a continuation in the same series of the texts which the Philological Society has already published.

The two volumes differ greatly in size and in value; that is to say, the interest of the one is purely philological, while the other has an intrinsic interest as well. In saying this, we shall probably run counter to the judgment of at least one of the Editors of the Society, perhaps to that of the Society itself. The Society "has been formed with the object of publishing a series of Early English Texts, especially those relating to King Arthur." Now, as matters of philological study, we are ready to receive texts about King Arthur or about any other subject under heaven; but, in any other point of view, we must confess that we are tired of King Arthur. That is, we wish to hand him over to the Comparative Mythologists. When they have sat upon him for a befitting time, we shall be glad to hear of him again, and to know whether he really is the Sun or not. And in so doing, they will do well to take the Homeric and the Carolingian myths with them, and to tell us finally whether there ever was a real Achilles and a real Arthur, standing to the mythical Achilles and the mythical Arthur in the same relation in which the real Karl stands to the mythical Charlemagne. In this point of view we hope some day to hear much more, and to know much more, of King Arthur than we do at present. But we must confess that we do not enter into the apparently prevalent love of everything Arthurian for its own sake. We have got rather tired of Geoffrey of Monmouth dished up over and over again in all manner of forms and in all manner of languages. We cleave to our bit of Gildas and his "Mons Badonicus," wherever "Mons Badonicus" may be, as our best hope of establishing an historical Arthur. But of the rest we are getting weary. We dare say we should be getting weary of Achilles and Hector, if, instead of the one Iliad, we had to go through Dares and Dictys and all the cyclic poets. Of course, if we look at the Arthurian tales and poems in their philological aspect, as specimens of the English or French of the time, that is quite another matter. We are ready to go once more through Uther Pendragon and all the rest of them, if by so doing we can really increase our knowledge of the history of our own or any other language.

The other poems then—those edited by Mr. Morris—are, to our mind, of greater intrinsic value. Direct historical value they have none; they are simply religious and moral poems, containing nothing particularly new, for a large part consists of mere versification of Scripture. But, like everything of the kind, they throw light on the belief and feeling of the age, and, through the ruggedness of their language, a good deal of real poetic power contrives to make itself seen. The first poem, called by Mr. Morris "the Pearl," is one of those visions of paradise of which we have already seen so many; but it derives an especial interest from the beautiful and touching way in which the vision is brought in. The author, evidently describing his own history and feelings, tells how he lost his "pearl," that is, his infant daughter, how he went to her grave, and, after giving way to his grief, fell asleep. He dreams, and, after travelling through a glorious land, he reaches a river whose bed is of precious stones. On the other side he sees a maiden in white raiment, who proves to be his lost pearl. He may not cross to her, but she tells him of all her bliss, and he is himself allowed to see a procession of virgins, with his "little queen" among them, going to salute the Lamb. There is real poetry in the conception of this little piece, and much of beauty in the execution, though the language is frightfully hard to a mere reader of modern English. The other poems are wholly on scriptural subjects, the Flood, the Destruction of Sodom, the taking of Babylon, the story of Jonah, containing several passages of high descriptive power, the merit of which had been already pointed out both by Dr. Guest and Sir Frederick Madden. As a specimen we will give part of the description of the Flood, with Mr. Morris's interlinear translation into modern English:—

Water wylger ay wax, woneþ þat stryde
Water wildly ever waxed, abodes that destroyed,

* *Early English Alliterative Poems in the West-Midland Dialect of the Fourteenth Century.* Edited by Richard Morris. London: Trübner & Co. 1864.

Arthur; a short Sketch of his Life and History in English Verse of the first half of the Fifteenth Century. Edited by Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1864.

Hurled in-to vch hous, bent þat þer dowedd
Hurled into each house, seized those that there dwell.
Fyrst feng to be flytt alle þat fle mytt
First took to flight all that flee might,
Vuche burde with her barn þe byggyng þay leueþ
Each bride (woman) with her bairn their abode they leave,
& bowed to þe hyþ bonk þer brentest hit wern
& bowed to the high bank where highest it were,
And hied to the high hills they led on faste
& hetherly to þe hyge hylles þay (h)aled on faste
And hastily to the high hills they led on fast;
Bot al watþ nedleþ her note, for neuer cowþe stynt
But all was needless their device, for never could stop
þe roþe raynande ryg (&) þe raykande waveþ
The rough raining shower and the rushing waves,
Er vch botom watþ brurd-ful to þe bonkeþ eggeþ
Ere each bottom (valley) was brim-ful to the bank's edges,
& vche a dale so depe þat demmed at þe brynkeþ
And each dale so deep that dammed at the brink.

What strikes the ordinary reader at first sight is the extreme difficulty, and what he would call the uncouthness, of language in these poems. They are far harder, far more widely removed from modern English, than the earlier works of Robert of Gloucester. This difference perhaps partly arises from difference of subject. Mere narration, like that of a chronicle, does not draw upon the out-of-the-way elements of a language in the same way as the elaborate descriptions given in these poems. But the difference of dialect has probably much more to do with it. Robert of Gloucester wrote in the classical English of his time, so far as there could be said to be any classical English in the thirteenth century. But our present poet is a local poet, writing in a local dialect, one perhaps as unfamiliar as any in England—the "West-Midland" dialect, as Mr. Morris calls it. The poems, he is inclined to think, were written in Lancashire, and he quite rejects the theory that they are translations from the works of a Scotch poet, Huchowne. Mr. Morris discusses at some length the characteristics of this Midland or Mercian dialect, as distinguished alike from the Saxon of the South, and from the speech, whether we are to call it Anglian or Scandinavian, of Northumberland. The easiest mark of distinction, he tells us, is to be found in the plural present indicative of the verb. In the South this ends in *-eth*, in the North in *-es*, in the Midland country in *-en*. The odd form *schin* or *schun* for *shall*, and *hit* as a genitive—the modern *its*, are also peculiarities to be found in the poems, and which still survive in Lancashire and in other counties of that part of England. Mr. Morris's account of the pronouns is worth transcribing:—

In the following poems we find the pronoun *ho*, she, still keeping its ground against the Northumbrian *scho*. *Ho* is identical with the modern Lancashire *hoo* (or *huh* as it is sometimes written), which in some parts of England has nearly the same pronunciation as the accusative *her*.

The Northumbrian *they* (they) has displaced the older Midland *he*, corresponding to the Southern pronoun *hi*, *hi* (A.S. *hē*). *Hores* and *thayres* (theirs) occasionally occur for *here*. The genitives in *-es*, due no doubt to Scandinavian influence, are very common in Northumbrian writers of the fourteenth century, but are never found in any Southern work of the same period.

Hit is frequently employed as an indefinite pronoun of all genders, and is plural as well as singular. It is, as has been previously shown, uninflected in the genitive or possessive case.

Me in Southern writers is used as an indefinite pronoun of the third person, and represents our *one*, but in the present poems it is of all persons, and is placed in apposition with the subject of the sentence corresponding to our use of *myself*, *thyself*, *himself*.

The active participle is still in *-ande*, but the *y* or *ge* has all but wholly disappeared from the beginning of passive participles.

The Arthurian poem is much easier to understand, being at once later in date, and written, not in any out-of-the-way dialect, but in the ordinary Southern or Saxon tongue. The poet has himself something to say about Britons and "Saxons," and what they called one another:—

For Walsche Men beþ Bretonus of kynde—
Know þat welle fast on Mynde—
Englichs men beþ Saxoyneþ,
þat beþ of Engistes Soones;
There-fore þe walsch man Bretous
Seþþ & clepeþ vs "Sayson" þat ys to seye vpon a roos,
And seþþ (.) "taw or (.) peyd Sayson brount"
Whan he ys wroth (.) or ellys drounke;
Hauyng Mynde of Engyatis Men
at wyth gyle slow peyre kyn:
At þe place of þe Stonehenge
þat þey þenkeþ for to venge:
And þat hyt neuere be so,
Seþþ a Pater noster more to.

The caution, "know þat welle fast on Mynde," may sometimes be needed even now in these subtle matters of ethnology.

Lest we should be thought needlessly to depreciate the Arthurian story as such, we will end with Mr. Furnivall's enthusiastic account of it:—

The six hundred and forty-two English lines here printed occur in an incomplete Latin Chronicle of the Kings of Britain, bound up with many other valuable pieces in a MS. belonging to the Marquis of Bath. The old chronicler has dealt with Uther Pendragon, and Brounstele (Excalibur), and is narrating Arthur's deeds, when, as if feeling that Latin prose was no fit vehicle for telling of Arthur, king of men, he breaks out into English verse,

"Herkenep, þat, loueþ honour,
Of kyng Arthour & hys labour."

The story he tells is an abstract, with omissions, of the earlier version of Geoffrey of Monmouth, before the love of Guinevere for Lancelot was introduced by the French-writing English romancers of the Lionheart's time (so far as I know), into the Arthur tales. The fact of Mordred's being Arthur's son, begotten by him on his sister, King Lot's wife, is also omitted; so that

the story is just that of a British king founding the Round Table, conquering Scotland, Ireland, Gothland, and dives parts of France, killing a giant from Spain, beating Lucius the Emperor of Rome, and returning home to lose his own life, after the battle in which the traitor whom he had trusted, and who has seized his queen and his land, was slain.

"He that will more look,
Read on the French book,"

says our verse-writer; and to that the modern reader must still be referred, or to the translations of parts of it, which we hope to print or reprint, and that most pleasantly jumbled abstract of its parts by Sir Thomas Malcor, Knight, which has long been the delight of many a reader—though despised by the stern old Ascham, whose Scholemaster was to turn it out of the land. There the glory of the Holy Grail will be revealed to him; there the Knight of God made known; there the only true lovers in the world will tell their loves and kiss their kisses before him; and the Fates which of old enforced the penalty of sin will show that their arm is not shortened, and that though the brave and guilty king fights well and gathers all the glory of the world around him, yet still the sword is over his head, and, for the evil that he has done, his life and vain imaginings must pass away in dust and confusion.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.*

IT would be unjust to Miss Braddon not to recognise with gratitude the indefatigable efforts which she makes for the amusement of the public. There is something wonderful in the freshness and rapidity with which she ministers to the ever-growing appetite for literary excitement and sensation. It arouses in us a sense of personal fatigue or distress even to contemplate the strain which such unintermitting exertion must bring upon the writer's powers. Yet it seems not unlikely, after all, that this sensation of pain and stress is more really felt by ourselves than by the novelist. The feats of the acrobat upon the high rope are productive of far more giddiness to the breathless spectators below than to the cool and practised performer overhead. Far from courting repose after each new miracle of agility or strength, it seems as if there was even less and less need of breathing space or relaxation, and the delighted shouts of the crowd do but stimulate to fresh efforts and more heavenward flights. With every bound the limbs appear to acquire greater ease and freedom of play, and both frame and feature alike seem aglow with the excitement and pleasure of the exercise. Hardly have we sent back to the library the last wondrous product of Miss Braddon's imagination, before we find ourselves tempted once more with a fresh draught of surprise from the same inexhaustible spring. This time the writer seems bent upon dazzling us by the unlooked-for versatility of her powers. The first thing we are conscious of, in taking up the *Doctor's Wife*, is the change of tone and subject-matter which it exhibits as compared with the lady's previous writings in general. Her former fictions have turned almost wholly upon the interest of plot and incident. The present work must be described as in the strictest sense a novel of character. We have not yet seen Miss Braddon attempt much in the way of mental analysis and the delineation of motives. The outward or objective side of nature and life has had more charms for her than the inner or subjective realm of passion and feeling. It is, therefore, with increased interest that we mark her experiments in this new and comparatively untried path of art. In the delineation of the main character of the piece we recognise at once the old fertility of fancy which forms one of Miss Braddon's best-known qualifications—applied, however, in this instance, to the conception of her central figure, instead of to the customary labyrinth of dramatic perplexity and horror. We are prepared, of course, for a little exaggeration in the character thus conjured up, on which the alight machinery of the drama almost entirely turns. But, allowing for this instinctive failing, it will be conceded that the *Doctor's Wife* is wholly consistent from first to last, and artistically true to the type of human nature which the novelist has set herself to portray. It may be questioned whether a personage so exclusively embodying a single idea could ever by possibility exist, and continue acting in real life in anything like the fashion of Isabel in the fiction. Still, given the potential existence, as the metaphysicians say, of a mind and character like hers, her conduct is precisely such as might be predicted as the natural consequence.

The story of Isabel Gilbert is that of a life of sheer romance, the reaction of an intensely, indeed preposterously, ideal temperament against the force of most untoward and uncongenial circumstances. Brought up from the first under the rule of a coarse father of dissipated habits and dubious employment, with a slatternly and shrewish stepmother, and noisy disreputable brothers, amidst an atmosphere of duns and debt, among the slums on the outskirts of Camberwell, Isabel grows up to the age of eighteen with little more culture or guidance than the stray and unkempt vines that struggled for a feeble existence in the neglected and unweeded garden behind Captain Sleaford's tenement. Her idle, purposeless life had been spent between running slipshod errands for her parents or their boarders, fetching pennyworths of butter or bacon from the Walworth Road, having to mend awkward three-cornered rents in her brother's garments, and most persistently and contentedly of all, lolling whole afternoons in a rickety basket-chair in the untidy plot of ground behind the house, deep in the wildest and most thrilling mysteries of romance. This young person had picked up a smattering of various accomplishments at a day-school in the Albany Road. She knew a little Italian, "enough French to

serve for the reading of novels that she might have better have left unread," and just so much of modern history as enabled her to pick out all the sugar-plums in the historian's pages—"the Mary Stuarts and Joan of Arcs and Anne Boleyns, the Iron Masks and La Vallières, the Marie Antoinettes and Charlotte Cordays, luckless Königsmarks and wicked Borgias"—till she had woven around her weak little head a tissue of romance which quite shut out the hard reality of life, and which served as an enchanted medium through which the cares, the vulgarities, and the privations of every day appeared sublimated into a life of ideal poetry and beauty. No Quixote ever held more devoutly to the reality of his dreams of chivalry and romance than did Isabel to the truth of the visions in which she formed the central figure. The life of each of her successive favourites in history or fiction she lived over and over again. Their sorrows, their triumphs, their phases of love or jealousy, vengeance or despair, one and all swept alternately over her soul, called up by some incident or other in her tame and commonplace life. In her dreams for the future, she saw herself now Edith Dombey, cold and repellent, in ruby velvet, and with a coronet of costly diamonds; now Florence, timid but true, flying from her father's violence to face the world with her lowly yet true-hearted lover; now Charlotte Corday, winning a name in history by slaying a monster; now Laura or Beatrice, immortalized by a great poet's boundless love and worship. She waited for the destined hero to come forth for her, the Prince, the Ernest Maltravers, the Henry Esmond; the Eugene Aram—dark, gloomy, and intellectual, with the halo of a guilty deed around him; the Steerforth—"Steerforth's proud image, not simple-hearted David's gentle shadow." She sighed to sit at the feet of a Byron, grand and gloomy and discontented, baring his white brow to the midnight blast, and raving against the baseness and ingratitude of mankind. Vague and grand and shadowy, the god of her childish reverence rose up before her mind. Sometimes the stage seemed to beckon her to greatness, and open to her the pathway through tragic genius to fame and a coronet; or the latent poetry of her soul found vent in gushing alliterative rhymes—something between Tennyson and L. E. L. Isabel's physique was of a rare and exceptional cast, in keeping with her mental idiosyncrasy. Slight and pale, with thick unkempt hair of a dull black, and a throat very white, with the dead yellowish whiteness of ivory, "she was most remarkable for the depth and colour of her eyes." Those wondrous organs were large and black, sleepy and soft, "with very little colour in them, and what little colour there was, was only a dim dreamy glimmer in the depths of the large pupils," which invested their owner with a kind of weird and melancholy beauty, kindling into warmer and more bewitching loveliness at the rare moments when she smiled. Their colour, however, though at first sight passing for black, became of a bright orange colour when looked at in the sunshine. To her enthusiastic friend Sigismund Smith, who made his living by inditing endless sensation novels in penny numbers, and drew upon his acquaintances, male and female, for the personages of his romances, they realized the heroine of Balzac's story—*The Girl with the Golden Eyes*. By the law of contrasts nothing is more natural than that such ideal charms should at once fascinate Sigismund's simple and rather loutish, though warm-hearted and honourable, friend George Gilbert, the rising surgeon of Graybridge-on-the-Wayverne, who with a manly and well-looking person combines what Mr. Raymond, the benevolent phrenologist, pronounces the "finest moral development ever seen." The result is that—undeterred by the warnings of his rustic but keen-sighted family servant and confidant, William Jeffson, that the unpractical abstracted young lady is no suitable helpmeet for "Master Jarge"—the surgeon marries Isabel, who, on the mysterious break-up of her Camberwell home, has become governess to Mr. Raymond's two nieces, and who, despairing of the advent of the prince or hero, finds a modicum of romance in being wooed on a moonlit bridge, and can at least look forward to pinning away of dulness and vacuity in a country surgery, like Mariana in the *Moated Grange*. She can, at all events, find a certain happiness in dreams of splendour and romance denied to her humdrum rustic home:—

Mrs. Gilbert thought of London—that wonderful West-End, May-Fair London, which has no attribute in common with all the great metropolitan wilderness around and about it. She thought of that holy of holies, that inner sanctuary of life, in which all the women are beautiful and all the men are wicked, in which existence is a perpetual whirlpool of balls and dinner-parties and hothouse flowers and despair. She thought of that untasted life, and pictured it, and thrilled with the sense of its splendour and brightness, as she sat by the brawling waterfall, and heard the creaking wheel of the mill, and the splashing of the trailing weeds. She saw herself amongst the light and music of that other world; queen of a lamplit boudoir, where loose patches of ermine gleamed whitely upon carpets of velvet-pile; where, amid a confusion of glitter and colour, she might sit, nestling among the cushions of a low gilded chair—a kind of indoor Cleopatra's galley—and listen contemptuously (she always imagined herself contemptuous) to the eloquent compliments of a wicked prince. And then the Row! She saw herself in the Row sometimes, upon an Arab—a black Arab—that would run away with her at the most fashionable time in the afternoon, and all-but kill her; and then she would rein him up as no mortal woman ever reined-in an Arab steed before, and would ride slowly back between two ranks of half-scared, half-admiring faces, with her hair hanging over her shoulders and her eyelashes drooping on her flushed cheeks. And then the wicked prince, goaded by an unvarying course of contemptuous treatment, would fall ill, and be at the point of death; and one night, when she was at a ball, with floating robes of cloud-like lace and diamonds glimmering in her hair, he would send for her—that wicked, handsome, adorable creature would send his valet to summon her to his deathbed, and she would see him there in the dim lamplight, pale and repentant, and romantic and delightful; and as she fell on her knees in all the splendour of her lace and diamonds, he would break a

* *The Doctor's Wife*. By the Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," &c. 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1864.

blood-vessel and die! And then she would go back to the ball, and would be the gayest and most beautiful creature in all that whirlpool of elegance and beauty. Only, the next morning, when her attendants came to awaken her, they would find her—dead!

Isabel's weakness, it will be seen, is somewhat of an exaggerated order. But her character is nevertheless drawn out with a degree of consistency which brings it almost within the pale of possibility in real life. It is quite in accordance with nature that the silly, untaught, romantic child should be true to a dull sentiment of duty towards her husband, while inwardly pining for the ideal of her imagination—devouring romances at one end of the table while the sheepish, uncomplaining simpleton crunches radishes and cheese at the other. But the limits of what is natural are clearly exceeded when we find the highly dutiful, sensitive young wife wholly insensible to anything perilous or improper in indulging the full strength of her sentimental passion, when it has at length met with a palpable embodiment in the person of Roland Lansdell, whom she had learnt to idealise and worship as the unknown author of a dark and gushing volume of Byronic poetry, *An Alien's Dreams*. A blasé man of the world at seven-and-twenty, having thrown over his cousin, Lady Gwendoline Pomphrey, with her haughty Saxon beauty and chilling family pride, Roland comes home to Mordred Priory and fifteen thousand a year with nothing to do, and a heart utterly incapable of taking interest in any person or thing. Having, strangely enough, not another soul in the world to associate with or to distract his thoughts, Roland is deeply smitten with the peculiar beauty and romantic fancy of the doctor's wife, and an intimacy results, with the usual effect on his side of such a *liaison*, but on hers simply confined to a sentiment of the most pure and immaterial Platonism. While he is struggling under his own sense of right and his guardian Raymond's sage counsels against what is entailing shame and degradation upon Isabel and himself, she is utterly unable to conceive any harm in their stolen morning and evening interviews under Lord Thurston's oak, and sees nothing but narrow spite in the slanders which Graybridge gossip is not long in setting about. In her own eyes, she is but a more sympathetic Laura listening to the pure homage of a Petrarch, a kindlier Beatrice Portinari worshipped in spirit by a less despairing Dante. For a girl fed full from her cradle with both English and French romances this unconsciousness and innocence of mind is, in truth, something portentous. The novelist has here drawn more upon the resources of her own exhaustless fancy than upon that practised knowledge of human nature which in general shines through her descriptions of the every-day world. When, at length, the romantic victim seems irresistibly entangled in the toils, and Roland has made every arrangement for eloping and living a life of delight at a villa on the Lake of Como, he is utterly dumbfounded and angered at Isabel's recoil in amazement and horror at the very idea. In her foolish dreams he had been "the true and faithful knight who could sit for ever at the entrance of his hermitage, gazing fondly at the distant convent casement which might or not belong to his lost love's chamber," and lo, "he was the false and wicked lover who would have scaled the wall of Hildegunde's calm retreat some fatal night, and would have carried the shrieking nun away, to go mad and throw herself into the Rhine on the first opportunity." He was a heartless Faust, ready to take the counsel of Mephistopheles to betray poor trusting Gretchen. He was the self-willed lustful monarch tearing away weak well-meaning La Vallière from her holy seclusion and unworldly resolves. There is perfect truth and high moral perception in making the doctor's wife simply triumphant over every temptation of the world and the flesh. What is false to nature lies in making her unconscious of any temptation of the kind, and only shocked to find her whiteness of soul rudely exposed to the suspicion of a stain. She can still keep up her dutiful routine of attendance upon her husband, and when that obstacle is removed by a fatal attack of fever, so unworldly is she that not a thought crosses her mind of the splendid matrimonial prospect that now opens before her. A mere vague horror of death, and self-reproach for past neglect, fill the young widow's heart. Though her idol has lowered himself from his pedestal as a demigod, she still keeps him a place in her spiritual regard, with not one idea of herself as Roland's wife. When Roland also dies, almost at the same moment—repressing for her sake the secret that he has fallen by her father's hand in revenge for the felon's doom which the "languid swell" had been the means of bringing upon him through following up, for the fun of the thing, Captain Sleaford's act of forgery some years ago—Isabel devotes herself to his memory, and, in unison with Lady Gwendoline, to whom she is reconciled at Roland's bedside, spends the residue of her days, and the wealth which Roland has bequeathed to her, as the Lady Bountiful of the parish, full of picturesque plans, and half-practical, half-sentimental philanthropy.

The minor characters in the story are sketched in with Miss Braddon's practised ease and skill. If the descriptions and dialogue may be thought more slight and hasty than those of her usual manner, there is the natural air and pleasing point which no writer of the day succeeds better in throwing into fiction. But what will most gratify her true friends and admirers is to see her talents applied in a new and more wholesome direction, and reaching a point of moral elevation which, despite perhaps a little over-strain of fancy, shows her to be capable of real excellence in the highest and purest walks of art.

THE SARDINIAN LANGUAGE.*

IN the year 1835 Sir George Cornewall Lewis published an *Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages*, which was republished shortly before his death in 1862. This essay contains an elaborate refutation of Raynouard's famous theory on the origin of the Romance languages. Raynouard had endeavoured to prove that, as the Latin language was one, there was likewise but one Neo-Latin or Romance language, formed from the corruption of Latin, and common to all the countries of Europe in which Latin had been spoken. That language, he maintained, was preserved in a pure form in the poetry of the Troubadours. It was a regular fixed language, having constant rules, and was universally understood over the whole of Roman Europe. From this, according to him, all the modern Romance dialects were derived; so that Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French ought not to be placed, as sister languages, on the same line with the ancient Provençal or Langue d'Oc, but should be treated as the grandchildren of Latin, and as the children of that common intermediate ancestor which he called *Langue Romane*, and which he identified with the language of the Troubadours, spoken in the South of France. This preposterous theory had, indeed, been controverted before, by A. W. von Schlegel in his *Observations sur la Langue et la Littérature Provençales* (Paris, 1818), but it had never been so thoroughly demolished as it was under the hammer of Sir George C. Lewis. The results at which these two writers arrived were the same, but the method was different; and, as a specimen of close and indefatigable arguing, the essay of the lamented English statesman will always be read with interest and advantage.

But life is short, and, if fallacies can be knocked down by one blow, it seems a waste of power to reduce them to powder by a thousand. A look at the oath of Strassburg of the year 842 is sufficient to put an end to Raynouard's theory. According to him, the language of that document is the intermediate *langue Romane* from which French, Spanish, and Italian branched off as independent languages about the year 1000. But so far from agreeing with the *langue d'oc*, or the language of the Troubadours, the language of that oath, if closely examined, turns out to be *langue d'oïl*, or Northern French—thus showing that as early as the ninth century the Neo-Latin dialects had assumed their grammatical independence, and that, if ever there was a period during which the Romans scattered over the chief parts of Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Gaul, and Spain, when invaded by different Teutonic races, agreed to corrupt the Latin into the self-same language, that period had come to an end before the death of Charles the Bald.

Hitherto the oath of Strassburg was the earliest known continuous specimen of a Neo-Latin dialect; and it was important as proving that in the ninth century the language of the Carolingian Kings differed from that of the Provençal Troubadours, and that the one differed from the other on those very points which constitute at a later period the specific differences between the phonetic and grammatical systems of the North and the South of France. A discovery of various MSS. that had been buried for centuries in the libraries of Sardinia enables us now to go back to a still earlier date, and to show that in the eighth century the Neo-Latin dialect spoken in Sardinia had assumed its provincial independence, and differed from Italian, Spanish, French, and Provençal very much in the same manner in which it differs at the present moment from these sister-dialects. This curious discovery was made some years ago, but so scanty was the literary intercourse between Cagliari and the rest of the world that it has hitherto attracted but little attention, and has never as yet been brought to bear on the problem of the origin of the Romance languages. The document to which we refer is a letter addressed by one of the bishops of the island to his flock, exhorting them to remain firm in the Christian faith, and to follow the example of their fathers who, in former wars against the Saracens, had not shrunk from death and martyrdom. This pastoral, evidently written in the hour of extreme need, a cry of despair that was to rally the defenders of the country and the Church, was naturally couched in the language of those whom it wished to move—in the vulgar tongue of the people. As the oath of Strassburg was composed in the French and German of the time, in order that the French and German armies, in whose presence it was taken, might understand the bearing of the new treaty, the letter of the Sardinian bishop was composed, not in Latin, but in the spoken language of the Sardinian islanders, and it thus enables us to see what was the real language of those people in the year 740 A.D. This letter was discovered and published in 1846 by Count Pietro Martini, the distinguished Director of the Library at Cagliari, a man of whom not only his native island, but Italy, may be proud, as a scholar, an historian, and a statesman. It has lately been reprinted by M. August Boullier, in his interesting work *Le Dialecte et les Chants Populaires de la Sardaigne*. The original edition by Count P. Martini has become extremely scarce, and we give the text of this important document, together with a literal Latin translation, from the notes appended to M. Boullier's recent publication:—

Fugite in aliam pro icussu frades Fugite in aliam: propterea, fratres
et fijos in Jhesu Xpu non po et filii in Jesu Christo non po(ssum);
nen abbo de acatarimi semper nec habeo (media) remanendi semper

* *Le Dialecte et les Chants Populaires de la Sardaigne*. Par Auguste Boullier. Paris: 1864.

cum vos ki multa est su
populu et issas berbegues ki debbo
pasquiri et pro tanto conserbadillos
issos mandamentos meos et tenide vos
in ipso amore meo . . . abbo per
vos observados ipsos mandatos de su
padre nostro Ihesu Xpo pro conser-
barissi in ipsa fide in ipsos peri-
culos istade constantes in ipsa fide
pro ki magnu est ipsu premiu
ki hat ad dari in issu
chelu Ihesu Xpu unde ipsu nareidi
et qui metit mercedem accipit in vitam
eternam et pro icusum frades . . .
impare pro ipsos filios meos et vestros
. . . et infirmos et poveros . . .
gracias ad deu . . . et ad vos naro
o filios . . . recordarillos ipsos
martiros dae tantos patres tios
et tias mugeres et figios et
figias in ipsas passadas per-
secutiones per de usque ad ipsas
presentes et semper ipsos Perlados
fugiant de una parti ad satera . . .
presones . . . ad ipsu populu et
oraciones ipso et ipsu Xpanu hat
semper triumphadu de issos maume-
tanis nen hat timore nen ad ipsas
ispadas desos Saracenos nen ad . . .
nen ad ipsu foghu nen ischimus ki
perunu pastore abbiat . . .
sas berbegues in ipsos periculos dae
intro de XXVIII. annos dae ipsa
intrada desos moros nen
Sardu ki non collesit assos martiros
et abrenunciast ad ipsa fide ki
hamus accolidu in custa Sardinia
dae ipsos gloriosos beatos Apostolos
Pe . . . Paula et Iac. como
ischides et hamus iscriptu . . .
ipsos periculos nen persecutiones
pro ki est necessaria kissi patiscat
in custa vida pro obtineri issa gloria
eterna ki naresint issos apostolos
et quoniam per multas tribulationes
oportet nos intrare in regnum Dei
adcollir illos ipsos martiros pro amore
deu et pro triumpho de ipsa nos-
tra sancta religione confundir illos
sos barbaros kissu chelu
nos hat a dari auxilium. Si no
ha . . . sias unde adorari
assu santu daessos sanctos ipso coro
vestru hat essiri altari jaki ipso
Saracenu sacrilegu omne istrumetit
in ipsa tercia dominica de icustu
mense abbo ad beniri pro consolari vos
cum ipsa presentia de ateros
duos piscobos Gunna.
fausan. et Marianu torrit.
pro ordinari a philippou callarit.
frade meu pro issa
gloriosa morte de felix pro issos
Saracenos in ipsa guerra desos
Sardos in lue moresint MD
Saracenos et LXXX Sardos in una
nocte . . . ad ipsas secretas . . .
neas . . . iudice ipso in cussa die
pro tantu preparade . . . dae nocte
pro qui perunu Saracenu . . . du . . .
omne amore et chari . . . mis-
sione dae ipsos peccados . . . set
. . . Domini DCCXXXX

The importance of this document, as bearing on the origin and history of the Romance languages, is so great that the first feeling which is roused by it is one of hesitating incredulity. Is it really a genuine fragment? or was it forged by one who knew that such was exactly the document which scholars were looking for, and that a continuous literary composition, written in one of the Neo-Latin dialects previous to the ninth century, would be received with the same delight by students of language with which the jaw-bone of Abbeville was welcomed by the students of geology? After the palimpsest MS. of Uranius, nothing is impossible in this line of literary industry. Yet, as it was said, at the time when that clever forgery was submitted to the members of the Berlin Academy, that no one could have forged Uranius except Lepsius himself, because it contained names and dates of Egyptian kings which no one knew of besides this great hieroglyphic scholar, we may say of this letter written in the Sardinian of the eighth century, that no one could have forged it except a consummate Romance scholar, such as Diez, Littré, or Canon Spano.

We can here call attention to only a few of the facts which show how, in the sequestered island of Sardinia, the old Latin passed through exactly the same process of decay and resuscitation which can be watched in Italy, in Wallachia, in Gaul, in Spain, and Portugal. The classical terminations became indistinct, and were replaced by prepositions and auxiliary verbs; the genders were disregarded, articles were employed more and more frequently, and new words sprang up which would have been unintelligible to Cicero, and even to Plautus. The most curious phenomenon is the uniformity of many of these changes in all the Neo-Latin dialects. *De* and *ad* were not the only prepositions that could have been used to express the genitive and dative, yet we find them employed for that purpose in Sardinia as well as in Portugal. We read in our letter *pro amore de Deu, pour l'amour de Dieu*; a curious and apparently modern phrase, considering that in the oath of Strassburg the old classical

cum vobis; quia multus est ipse
populus et ipse verveces quas debbo
pasceri; et ideo conservate illa
ipsa mandata mea, et tenete vos
in ipso amore meo . . . habeo pro
vobis observata ipsa mandata ipsius
patris nostri Jesu Christi ad conser-
vandos vos in ipsa fide: in ipsis peri-
culis estote constantes in ipsa fide,
quia magnum est ipsum premium
quod dabit (habet ad dare) in ipso
culo Jesus Christus: unde ipse dicit,
et qui metit mercedem accipit in vitam
eternam et ideo fratres . . .
simul pro ipsi filii mei et vestri
. . . et infirmis et pauperibus . . .
gratias Deo . . . et vobis dico
o filii . . . recordamini illa ipsa
martyria tantorum patrum thiorum
et thiarum mulierum et filiorum et
filiarum, in ipsis prateritis per-
secutionibus usque ad ipsas
presentes: et semper ipsi Prelati
fugiebant de una parte ad alteram . . .
carceres . . . ad ipsum populum et
oraciones ipsorum; et ipse Christianus
semper triumphavit de ipsis Maume-
tanis, nec habet timorem nec ipsarum
ensium ipsorum Saracenorum, nec . . .
nec ipsius ignis, nec scimus quod
aliquis pastor habeat (relictas) . . .
ipsas verveces in ipsis periculis
intra XXVIII. annos ab ipso
ingressu ipsorum Mororum: nec
Sardus qui non collegit ipsa martyria,
et renunciavit ipsi fidei quam
habemus acceptam in hac Sardinia
de ipsis gloriosis beatissimis Apostolis
Petro, Paulo, et Jacobo, quomodo
scitis et habemus scriptum . . .
ipsa pericula nec persecutiones; prop-
terea quod est necessarium ut patiantur
in hac vita pro obtinenda ipsa gloria
eterna; quia dixerunt ipsi Apostoli,
et quoniam per multas tribulationes
oportet nos intrare in regnum Dei;
colligit illa ipsa martyria pro amore
Dei, et pro triumpho ipsius nos-
træ sanctæ religionis confundit
illos ipsos barbaros, quia celum
nobis dabit auxilium. Si non
ha (betis ecclesiæ) ubi adorare
sanctum sanctorum, ipsum cor
vestrum erit altare, quia ipse
Saracenus sacrilegus omne destruxit.
In ipsa tercia dominica hujus
mensis veniam ut consoler vos
cum ipsa presentia aliorum
duorum episcoporum, Gunna (rii)
fausan (iensis), et Mariani turrit (ani),
ad ordinandum Philippum calarit
(anum), fratrem meum, propter ipsam
gloriosam mortem Felicis per ipsos
Saracenos in ipso bello ipsorum
Sardorum, in quo mortui sunt MD
Saraceni, et LXXX Sardi in una
nocte . . . ad ipsas secretas (spelu)
neas . . . iudice ipsorum; in illa die
idecirco preparate . . . in nocte
ut nullus Saracenus . . . du . . .
omni amore et charitate . . . (re)mis-
sione ipsorum peccatorum . . . sept
(embris). Domini DCCXXXX.

construction *pro deo amur*, i. e. *pro Dei amore*, is still preserved. We have other genitives in *pro triumpho de ipsa nostra sancta religione*, for the triumph of this our sacred religion; in *ispadas desos Saracenos*, the swords of the Saracens; in *guerra desos Sardos*, the war of the Sardinians. Datives formed by *ad* occur in *gracias ad Deu*, thanks to God; in *ad vos naro*, I say to you; *dae una parti ad satera*, from one part to another. The auxiliary verb *habere* is used to form new preterites. Thus we read, *et ipso Xpanu hat semper triumphadu de issos maumelanos*, and the Christian has always triumphed over the Mohammedans; *fide ki hamus accolidu*, the faith which we have received; *abbo per vos observados ipsos mandatos de su padre nostro*, I have observed for you the commandments of our father. The same auxiliary verb *habere* is used to form futures. Thus we read, *premiu ki hat ad dari*, the reward which he will give; *chelu nos hat a dari auxilium*, heaven will give us help; *coro vestru hat essiri altari*, your heart will be the altar; *abbo ad beniri*, I shall come. Here we see the first step which led to the formation of the future in Italian, Spanish, and French, *j'aimer-ai* standing for an original *j'ai à aimer*. But the important point is that, in pure Sardinian, the auxiliary verb was never placed after the infinitive, so that to the present day "I shall love" is, in Sardinian, *hapo a amare*. In the Gallurese dialect of Sardinia, however, *habeo* has been changed into *aggiu*, which, placed after the infinitive, produced such futures as *magnar aggiu*, I shall eat; *je manger-ai*, *ego manducare habeo*.

The definite article is of frequent occurrence in the Sardinian pastoral, and here we see how the different Neo-Latin dialects, though struggling with the same difficulties, and meeting these difficulties mostly by the same expedients, branch off nevertheless in different directions from the very beginning, thus confirming the truth of the description applied to them by Sir G. C. Lewis in answer to Raynouard. Raynouard's theory has been expressed by Peticari in the following words:—"Quindi possiamo dire che la latina veramente fu avola, ma la romana fu madre delle nuove favelle che ora si parlano in tanta parte d'Europa." Sir G. C. Lewis applied to them the classical verses:—

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.

This description is fully confirmed by the manner in which the Sardinian, as one of the sisters, supplied in her own way the want of a definite article—a want felt by all the sisters alike, but not supplied by all from the same materials. Sir G. C. Lewis writes:—

All the modern Latin languages have formed their article from *ille*, and exhibit nearly the same modifications as those which appear in Provençal. *El*, which is the common Spanish form, occurs in old French and Italian; *lo* also occurs in old French, as well as *del*, *al*, *dels*, *als*, and *els*, from which have been formed by the suppression of *l*, or its change into *u*, so prevalent in that language, *deu*, *du*, *au*, *des*, *aur*, and *de*; *los* and *las*, by changes likewise of frequent occurrence, become *les*. It should be observed that the Spanish exhibits no trace of *li* (from *illi*), and the Italian no trace of *los* (from *illos*), and that the Italian made the feminine plural *le* (from *illæ*), whereas the Spanish agreed with the Provençal in forming it from *illas*.

Differing from all the Neo-Latin languages, the Sardinian, as now spoken, forms its definite article by *su*, *sa*, in the masculine and feminine singular, and by *sos*, *sas*, in the plural. It is clear that these forms cannot be derived from *ille*; but we have only to consult the Sardinian of the eighth century in order to be convinced that *su*, *sa*, *sos*, and *sas* are abbreviations of *ipse*, *ipsa*, *ipsos*, *ipsas*. We find the original form of *ipse* in such passages as *tenide vos in ipso amore meo*, keep yourselves in this my love; *abbo observados ipsos mandatos*, I have observed the commandments; in *ipsos periculos*, in the dangers; *ad ipsas ispadas*, near the swords, &c. Secondly, we find *ipse* contracted into *isse*, or rather *issu*, *issa*, *issos*, *issas*; e.g. in *issu chelu*, in the heaven; *issa gloria eterna ki*, the eternal glory which; *issos mandamentos*, the commandments; *desos Saracenos*, of the Saracens; *issas berbegues*, the sheep. Lastly, *issu*, *issa*, *issos*, and *issas* are shortened to *su*, *sa*, *sos*, *sas*, the very forms which are still in use in the Sardinian of the nineteenth century. Thus we find, in the same document, *su populu*, the people; *su padre nostru*, our father; *sos barbaros*, the barbarians.

This one fact would have sufficed to upset Raynouard's theory, according to which one and the same uniform Neo-Latin language was spoken in the Roman part of Europe to the year 1000. The Sardinian possessed the pronoun *ille* as well as the pronoun *ipse*. We actually see the two used together in such phrases as *conserbadillos issos mandamentos meos*, preserve these my commandments; *adcollir illos ipsos martiros*, recollect these very martyria; *confundir issos sos barbaros*, confound these barbarians. But the Sardinian never used *ille* as the definite article, and we cannot doubt therefore that, as early at least as the eighth century, one of the Romance sisters had become separated from the rest. And what applies to one applies to all. Their coincidences must be traced back to Latin, and to the similar circumstances which occasioned the changes of Latin in Italy as well as in Gaul and Spain. The peculiarities of each must be traced back to the local influences which differed in Italy, in Gaul, and in Spain, which were of a most exceptional character in the island of Sardinia, but which in no case were sufficiently strong to obliterate the general family likeness that unites the numerous offspring of the ancient language of Latium. German words are more numerous in French than in Italian, because the conquests of the Franks in Gaul were of a more permanent nature than those of the Goths and Lombards in

Italy. But at how early a period some of these German words found their way into the Neo-Latin dialects is shown by such a word as *guerra* occurring in the Sardinian of the eighth century. Words like *presones*, i.e. *prehensiones*, for prisons, *passadas*, for past, *foghu*, i.e. *focus*, for fire, are no longer Latin, yet they exist in all or most of the Neo-Latin languages, and they must therefore have existed in the vulgar dialect of Italy previous to the final separation of the Neo-Latin languages. The importance of Sardinian, as throwing light on the earliest periods in the history of the Romance languages, has never been sufficiently appreciated. It is in some respects more important than Provençal, because it reaches back to an earlier age, and has been less exposed to foreign disturbing influences. The literature of Sardinia, beginning in the eighth century, is carried on through an interrupted series of compositions in prose and poetry from century to century. The researches pursued with indefatigable industry by men like Canon Spano and Count Martini may bring to light even more ancient and more important documents, but, while looking forward with impatience to the new *liraions* of Count Martini's *Pergamene*, we can recommend M. Boullier's work as a useful and interesting introduction to a new mine of language and literature which will reward its explorers with many valuable discoveries.

PASSAGES OF A WORKING LIFE.*

(Second Notice.)

MR. KNIGHT'S second volume opens with the year 1824. The narrative of his Second Epoch is quite as interesting as that of the First, though generally of a graver tone. The Working Man had much to learn as well as to teach, and several of his lessons in the art of public instruction were costly to himself, however useful they proved as hints or beacons to others. His failures are recorded with a sigh or a smile at his own inexperience; his success is commemorated modestly, and with ample tribute to the partners or the patrons of his several ventures. How important to both the educated and uneducated classes these ventures were is apparent in their titles. Mr. Knight relates the conception, the progress, and the completion of the now widely-diffused and well-known *Libraries of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*, of the *Journal of Education*, of the *Pictorial Bible* and the *Pictorial Shakespeare*, the *Penny Magazine* and the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and of many other serials of less note, but scarcely of less utility to the cause of public education.

Mr. Knight's connexion, whether as publisher, editor, or originator of these works, brought him into close contact with many whose names are inscribed, for different reasons, upon English history during the last thirty years; and the glimpses we get of them, in their several relations to him or to the works he took in hand, are highly interesting and instructive. It was a common and also a just reproach against the philosophers and politicians, practical or theoretical, of France in the last century, that, among their various and vague schemes for the improvement of the human race, was not included any plan or idea of educating the people. Dreaming of Utopias, they never condescended to men of low estate. A similar fault cannot be found with the politicians or philosophers of this country. In the midst of civil agitation which in other lands would have taken the grisly form of revolution, statesmen upon whom lay the burden and heat of the day, discussed, in business-like fashion, proposals made to the Useful Knowledge Society, audited accounts, and signed cheques with as much equanimity as if they had been shepherds in Arcadia, or subjects of Alcibiades, the jolly king of the original Cockayne. At the close of a very lively sketch of a monthly meeting of the Society—a sketch including the names of Lord Brougham, Earl Russell, James Mill, Henry Hallam, Francis Beaufort, Hydrographer to the Admiralty, Henry Bellenden Kerr, Leonard Horner, Charles Bell, and other active counsellors and contributors—we have the following agreeable picture of brethren of opposite opinions dwelling together in unity:—

The Useful Knowledge Committee, as I have looked upon these monthly assemblies, present the aspect of something higher than toleration—a cordial union of men of very different persuasions in religion, who have met upon a common platform for the advancement of knowledge, to which religion can never be opposed. Let me group three representatives of opinions that appear as far removed as possible from amalgamation. Dr. Maltby, a great classical scholar, the preacher at Lincoln's Inn, the future Bishop, first of Chichester and then of Durham, is a dignified representative of the Church of England. He is zealous for the welfare of the Useful Knowledge Society, of which he was one of the earliest members. He will do its work assiduously and carefully. He will not insist upon religious topics being thrust in amongst secular. He will not stifle for the due honour of the Established Church. By his side sits Mr. Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, the wealthy Jew, whose ambition, as that of the Rothschilds and of other men of large property and unimpeachable loyalty, is to have a voice in the British Parliament. Mr. William Allen, the Quaker, may form the third in this group. I have often called upon him at his old place of business in Plough Court, where, a practical chemist, he had been a thriving tradesman, and at the same time a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a valuable contributor to its Transactions. He well merited the honour of his countrymen for other qualities than his scientific acquirements. He was a liberal promoter of every public scheme of benevolence. He established upon his estate at Lindfield, in Sussex, after he withdrew from the cares of a commercial life, schools for boys, girls, and infants—

* *Passages of a Working Life during Half-a-Century, with a Prelude of Early Reminiscences.* By Charles Knight. Vol. II. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1864.

real schools of industry, where agriculture was taught, as well as many useful arts. Whilst the children had every opportunity for acquiring health in recreation, and improvement in a good library, he built cottages for the labourers of his village, such as ought to have shamed many a landowner out of his neglect.

Mr. Knight is occasionally the chronicler of his own times, as well as of the Diffusion of Knowledge. The new face which so many regions of London have assumed during the last forty years is exhibited in the following passage by the medium of contrast. Improvements were even then in agitation which to this hour are scarcely commenced:—

It is forty years since the Londoners began seriously to think that their traffic was becoming too large for their streets. And yet what had they to endure in 1824 compared with the obstructions of 1864? The ponderous brewer's dray blocked up the Strand; but there were no mighty vans, threatening destruction to all the smaller craft that impeded their swift sailing. The broad-wheeled waggon generally crept in and out at nightfall, as it had crept since the days of Fielding and Hogarth. The hackney-coach, never in a hurry, went on "melancholy, slow," patient under every stoppage. No meddling policeman yet presumed to regulate the movements of the driver with a dozen capes, who pulled up when he pleased, unheeding his silk-stockinged fare who was too late for dinner, and sat in the damp straw shouting and cursing. The omnibus appeared not in our streets till 1831, and when it came the genteel remained faithful to the foul and stinking hackney-coach, mounting its exclusive iron-steps with the true English satisfaction at not being in mixed company. Altogether, the streets were passable, except when the pavement was up for the repair of gas and water-pipes—which it was at all seasons. There were schemes of sub-ways, but they met no encouragement. Colonel Trench obtained an audience at the Mansion House to listen to his proposal of a terrace, eighty feet wide, from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge. Some thought the scheme a good one, but far too grand; most sneered at such projects of Laputa. The sneerers and doubters kept their ground through a generation.

Mr. Knight thus describes his first interview with Henry Brougham, then (the autumn of 1826) organizing his "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge":—

I had never come across the renowned orator in private life, or had seen him under an every-day character. There was an image in my mind of the Queen's Attorney-General, as I had often beheld him in the House of Lords, wielding a power in the proceedings on the Bill of Pains and Penalties which no other man seemed to possess—equivocating witnesses crouching beneath his withering scorn; mighty peers shrinking from his bold sarcasm; the whole assembly visibly agitated at times by the splendour of his eloquence. The Henry Brougham I had gazed upon was, in my mind's eye, a man stern and repellent; not to be approached with any attempt at familiarity; whose opinions must be received with the most respectful deference; whose mental superiority would be somewhat overwhelming. The Henry Brougham into whose chambers in Lincoln's Inn I was ushered on a November night was sitting amidst his briefs, evidently delighted to be interrupted for some thoughts more attractive. After saluting my friend with a joke, and grasping my hand with a cordial welcome, he went at once to the subject upon which I came. The rapid conception of the features of my plan, the few brief questions as to my wishes, the manifestations of a warm interest in my views without the slightest attempt to be patronizing, were most gratifying to me. The image of the great orator of 1820 altogether vanished when I listened to the unpretentious and often hopeful words of one of the best table-talkers of 1826—it vanished, even as the full-bottomed wig of that time seemed to have belonged to some other head than the close-cropped one upon which I looked.

There are sundry glimpses of the veteran orator—none, however, more pleasant than the one which exhibits him at Brougham Hall, not, indeed, resting from his labours, for his very leisure was busy, but removed for a few weeks from the maelstrom of forensic and political strife, and able to devote to mankind an intellect too often given up to party. Mr. Knight is reminded of "Chatham at Hayes, of Burke at Beaconsfield, or Fox at St. Anne's Hill"; he may perhaps have also called to mind Pope's remembrance of the genial Walpole:—

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure ill exchanged for power.

Among the many onslaughts of Mr. Charles Knight upon the vested interests of indolence, ignorance, monopoly, and evil customs, not the least successful nor the least useful was his destruction of the monopoly of Almanacs. His serials met with no other opponents than are incident to every new attempt to disseminate knowledge; they had to encounter abstract foes only; but in the reformation of the Almanac, a concrete foe—with ancestors to back him, custom for his ally, and protection for his buckler—stood on the threshold. Almanacs, those annual necessities, might have been expected to be nearly immaculate even in 1828, considering the highly respectable and most reverend hands through which they passed before being published as the law directed. Originally the Universities and the Honourable Company of Stationers alone had the right to print and issue them. Their joint manor, in process of time, was indeed grievously infested by poachers who sold an inferior article, if that indeed were possible, for less money. These unauthorized varlets sold their brooms the cheaper for having stolen them ready-made. The Universities, after a while, conveyed their right and interest in the Almanac business to the Company aforesaid, and, owing to this arrangement perhaps, sound learning had dropped out of these annuals entirely. Still, it might have been supposed that they contained nothing contrary to good morals, inasmuch as they were still submitted before publication to the Chief Priest. A few days before any almanac could be published—that is to say, shortly before the greatest secular feast in Britain, the 9th of November, being Lord Mayor's Day—"the Master and other magnates of the Stationers' Company used to go in their barge to Lambeth, to present copies of all their Almanacs to the Archbishop of Canterbury"—an image of the Episcopal revision and benediction, which in the former time, before Oxford and Cambridge sold their mess of potage to Stationers' Hall, were made and pronounced, or pre-

summed to have been so, in the Theatre or the Senate House of either *Alma Mater*. But his Grace of Canterbury, though he received, can hardly have either revised or blessed, the sheets thus solemnly laid at his feet. Had he done so, it would have been impossible for Erskine in 1779 to assert, as he did without contradiction, that "the worst parts of Rochester's poems were ladies' reading compared with portions of *Poor Robin's Almanac*." *Tantame rem tam negligentem!* How could it happen that the Lambeth imprimator could be so carelessly subscribed? Yet, until 1828, "Poor Robin," "Francis Moore, Physician," and other equally worthy weather-prophets, star-gazers, astrologers, *balatrões hoc genus omne*, came forth archiepiscopally sanctioned, and gainsayed by none. Mr. Knight affords a few samples of the trash thus circulated, but discreetly withholds the noxious ribaldry they supplied *virginibus puerisque*. He thus records his attack on the Almanac fortress on Ludgate Hill:—

I went to work to elaborate the scheme of a rational and useful almanac. It was completed in a few days, and I took it to my steady friend, Matthew Hill. We went together to Westminster to consult Mr. Brougham. What an incalculable satisfaction to a projector, even of so apparently humble a work as an almanac, to find a man of ardent and capacious mind, quick to comprehend, frank to approve, not deeming a difficult task impossible, ready not only for counsel but for action. "It is now the middle of November," said the rapid genius of unprocrastinating labour; "can you have your almanac out before the end of the year?" "Yes, with a little help in the scientific matters." "Then tell Mr. Coates to call a meeting of the General Committee at my chambers, at half-past eight to-morrow morning. You shall have help enough. There's Lubbock, and Wrottesley, and Daniel, and Beaufort—you may have your choice of good men for your astronomy and meteorology, your tides and your eclipses. Go to work and never fear."

Every difficulty was swept away by the energy of the Chairman (Mr. Brougham), the support of the Committee (of Useful Knowledge), and the perseverance of Mr. Knight; and before the first of January, 1828, the first number of the *British Almanac* was published. A few months later, the *Companion to the Almanac* was in the press—then, and ever since, among the best of useful manuals:—

The pair [Mr. Knight proceeds] have travelled on together for thirty-seven years under my direction, through many changes of times and men—through many a social revolution bloodless and beneficent—through a wonderful era of progress in commerce, in literature, in science, in the arts, in the manifestation of the approach of all ranks to that union of interests and feelings which is the most solid foundation of public happiness and the best defence against assaults from without.

It is with great reluctance that we pass over any portion of Mr. Knight's instructive account of his almost life-long contest with ignorance, superstition, and evil customs. The nature and extent of these evils will be better understood by his elder than by his younger readers; for although the present generation has still to deplore the density of the mist, it can hardly be made aware, without actual experience, how heavily and generally it hung over the length and breadth of the land, and that land not even then in the rearward of civilization. Those whose memory goes back to the last generation will easily call to mind the opposition which even good men made to any general instruction of the people. Its very friends were often timorous allies; nay, as regarded the diffusion of all but the merest rudiments of knowledge, often declared foes. They were willing that the poor should learn to read, to write, to add, subtract, multiply, and divide. They encouraged Sunday schools, and feeble publications such as the *Cottager's Monthly Visitor*. They invited their poor and ignorant neighbours to attend missionary meetings; they dealt tracts with a liberal hand. But as for "useful knowledge," as Mr. Knight understood it, it was *nehushken*; it was planting again the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, of which Adam ate the fruit. Science for the people—Shakspeare for the people—History for the people—were either idle dreams or evil designs. So far as the dissemination of what is still called religious knowledge went, all was well. Let every man have, and be made able to read, his Bible; let every man have also his Prayer-book, said the churchman; and let him also be well furnished with tracts, said some churchmen, and said many also who thought a red-brick chapel as good as, or perchance better than, a church. Right and meet was it that they who wrought in the field or at the loom should know the names of the hills that stood about Jerusalem, or the number of the Amalekites and Philistines slain by Saul, Sampson, or David. A slight infusion of geography might not be amiss. The working man might safely be told that the river Jordan flowed in nearly a direct line from the Sea of Tiberias towards the Dead Sea. Such knowledge also would throw light on missionary proceedings. But when it was first seriously proposed to make John and Mary in the village, or Sally in our Alley, aware that there were rivers in the world besides Jordan, and hills higher than even Sinai or Mount Carmel—that, besides the Holy Land and the Chosen People, there were kingdoms and nations worth reading or hearing about—a good deal of general benevolence stood aghast. If John gets the chance of knowing what his master knows, or is supposed to know, how then will John demean himself? If Mary should ever hear of the Danube and the Rhine, will she not lose her respect for the Jordan—will she not let the roast burn, and the linen go unironed and undarned? So said, and so really believed, thousands of humane men and women who subscribed liberally towards the deliverance of black brothers from bondage, and to the conversion of red brothers from idolatry. Sambo, free to dance or to slumber under his palm-tree, was a spectacle of pure delight; but Thomas in the pantry, or Robert at the plough, made aware that France was divided by the Pyrenees from Spain, or that the world moved

round the sun, was not so comfortable a vision. They might be led to put impertinent questions about game laws, even to doubt whether they were altogether in their right place in society.

Nor were these objections and alarms confined to the very numerous class of sensible and respectable persons by whom most of the business of the world is conducted. Coleridge maintained that the popularization of knowledge would end in its *pletification*. The pulpit rang with warnings against profane learning. The press was not idle in behalf of ignorance. One-half the English world believed that the whole world must come to an end if such societies as the Useful Knowledge Society, or such publications as Mr. Charles Knight organized, conducted, or disseminated, were not gravely and generally discouraged. That the prophecies of those who feared were not fulfilled, it is unnecessary to say. That the expectations of those who hoped have not been completely realized, may equally be admitted. The cares of life on the one hand, and the solicitations of indolence on the other, have averted, and will continue to avert, the apprehended evil—have checked, and will continue to check, the possible good.

It was observed by Mr. Roscoe, after reading Gibbon's *Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, that he could not discover, from beginning to end of that delightful narrative, any token of its author having done or intended to do any good to his fellow-creatures. The remark applies to many other autobiographies. Wisdom for a man's self, or folly for a man's self, is ordinarily their theme. Their stories turn upon objects laudable enough in themselves, the attainment of which is celebrated with decent or perhaps undue complacency, the failure in attaining which is recorded with reproaches of fortune, of circumstances, or of self. Religious biographies are by no means exempt from this defect. They display, indeed, much tender concern for souls, but it is for the souls of a parish, a congregation, or some black or brown depot of pagans or misbelievers, more than for mankind at large. Often, indeed, the salvation of the writer's particular soul is the predominant theme of the record. The like cannot be said of Mr. Charles Knight's *Passages in the Life of a Working Man*. Whether he succeeds or fails, whatever he undertakes to do or to suggest to others, is connected with some general interest for mankind—with the dispersion of error, the diffusion of knowledge, the improvement of the social or intellectual condition of the time. His second volume is, even more strikingly than his first, the chronicle of his long and patient strife with ignorance and superstition, with bad books, bad systems of education, with old but unvenerable prejudices, with customs maintained by corrupt influence, or by even the stronger might of mere indolent acquiescence in the things that be. His *Passages in the Life of a Working Man* might be justly entitled "Passages in the Life of a patient and energetic one."

MILTON'S *COMUS* IN GREEK.*

TO the mass of those who have completed a classical education Greek Iambics represent a rote-work task, not hard to accomplish with a certain mediocre facility, but neither at all painful to give up, when the period of tutors and governors is over. To have committed to memory a few hundred lines from any play of Euripides, and, after having done so, to be unable to spin a given number of common-place Iambics with a tame, level ease, would argue some failure of average powers of imitation and memory. Yet not one man in a hundred ever gives a thought to the weaving of anapaests or iambics after he leaves college; and this because, to most, the exercise has been a barren mechanical process, neither agreeable nor the reverse, but certainly not so inviting a pastime as that other studies should be postponed for it. There are, however, a select few for whom Greek tragedy, from their earliest acquaintance with it, has an unforgetten zest; to whose minds its language is the model of grace and sweetness, of force and fire; and who marvel more and more, as they grow more familiar with it, at its surpassing mintage of subtly compounded words, its stately building of sonorous verse—above all, its very infrequent descents into the trivialities which disfigure some of the greatest poets of our own land. These few, it is easy to believe, retain through life the charm which first impressed them; and to such naturally suggests itself the attempt to clothe in Attic garb the masterpieces of English poetry, such as *Comus* or *Samson Agonistes*, confessedly constructed on the Greek model.

But is such an occupation fruitful? Is it unselfish? Few, it will be urged, will share the pleasure which the translator himself derives from it; and he who can achieve success in these studies might doubtless charm a larger number if he applied his talents to original poetry, or to the quest of laurels in some of the many fields open to men of education, genius, and position. Some such query the noble translator of Milton's *Masque of Comus* seems to have anticipated, for he gives what we conceive to be the best answer to it in his brief but not inelegant Latin preface. The advantage of these rare pursuits is solid and real, though they do not directly benefit the many. In an indirect way the public good is promoted by them, in that their calming influence on minds to which they are congenial contributes vastly to that even balance of spirits, that equable temperament, which is desirable, if not essential, in the good citizen and good statesman. Lord Lyttelton guards against the supposition that he has devoted hours due to civic duties to occupations which, if preferred to others of a

* *Milton's Comus*. Translated into Greek Verse by George, Baron Lyttelton. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1863.

graver nature, are blameworthy, howsoever pleasant. He pleads that, as the companions of his constrained solitude, and for the solace of occasional loneliness, he has found the resumption of his early studies a most effectual resource. And to his plea that solitary rides and walks are, as it were, thus pleasantly peopled, it may occur to many to add, from their own experience, how in the wakeful hours of night the translation of some song or snatch of poetry into the classic languages has potency to beguile the unrest of a sleepless pillow. In short, there is no better means of abstracting the mind from carking cares and painful memories, no surer restorative of lost composure and placidity. And if, to bearing our parts equably and contentedly on life's stage, it is important that the mind should find constant, calm, and congenial exercise, nor ever know the need of casting about for ways of filling an abhorred vacuum, then such studies as that of which this version of *Comus* is a fruit are no less conducive to the common weal than to the solace of the individual. But to be able to find this solace, and thus to lend to the public service a mind calmed by the pursuits of literature, premises an education and training at which a practical money-seeking age is apt to sneer. Those who have erewhile swelled the unmeaning cry, that classical education is a bootless waste of time, will find their most telling refutation, as well as the best justification of such later wooing of the Attic Muse as Lord Lyttelton evinces, in the noble words of Mr. Hallam:—

They who have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude, or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted the ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the incalculable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much in poetry, such as is common in England, has any more solid argument, among many in its favour, than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extremity of life.—*Lit. Hist.* Part IV. c. 5, p. 241.

It needs no great penetration to divine that, if a scholar ransacks the whole of English literature for a meet poem to be turned into Greek tragic verse, the *Comus* must present itself to him among the foremost. It is one of the earlier poems of its author, when comparatively fresh from college, and is full of words, phrases, and fragments of ancient melody, richly and happily converted to his own use and tongue. Its very form, though a masque and not a tragedy, eminently harmonizes with that of the Greek drama. While its scenery is pastoral, and its characters indistinct as in an allegory, its choruses recall those of the Euripidean plays which we know were favourites of Milton, and its gnomic sentences even more resemble the iambic passages of the same poet. The *Samson Agonistes* might better suit the lover of Sophocles, or, still better, of Æschylus; but the mind imbued with the style and language of Euripides will find the masque which once drew down plaudits in the old banqueting-hall of Ludlow Castle easily pass into a garb which the Greek Theatre might have welcomed as native. This idea seems to have influenced Lord Lyttelton's selection, perhaps as long ago as his Eton and Cambridge days, in which, as he tells us in his preface, the larger half of his translation was composed. There is little difference that we can detect between the 750 lines which represent his earlier effort and the rest of the version produced by his maturer Muse. No doubt the *limæ labor* bestowed on both parts has equalized the high standard of the whole. The first half is remarkable for its admirable finish and polish; while, in the remainder, we marvel at the command of words and language which has stood the translator in stead at a time of life when, with most men, the faculty of writing Greek has long since vanished. What is most surprising is the evidence of a lively and present familiarity with the extant plays and fragments of the Attic poets in one who might fairly have devolved the task of writing iambics upon his sons. It is easier, however, to express this in terms of general admiration than to do justice, by specimens, to the facility with which the noble author transmutes divine English into nearly as divine Greek. Out of half a dozen passages, which we had marked as of high merit, two may suffice as samples. One is from the Lady's first speech in the earlier portion of the poem:—

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear.
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

Comus, v. 5, 201—209.

τόπος δ' ὅδ' ἴσθιν αὐτὸς, ὥς γ' ἐπικάσαι,
ἀφ' οὗ νῦν χάσμα πολυγυθὶ βοᾷ
ἔτρησι λαμπρῶς ὡρ' ἀκούουσας ἰμοῦ,
νεκτὲς δ' ἐπιδούσ' ὅμ' ἱερύρεσκ' μόνον.
τί τοῦτ' ἂν εἴη; μέγ' ἐν μνήμης βάθμῳ
μορφαῖσι φάσματ' ἀόρατος ἀγίρεται,
εἰδῶλα προσκαλοῦντα, κοῦε δυνων σκά
δαίνον τι προσνέουσα, καὶ καταπτέρων
φθόρισμα φωνῶν, αἳ τ' ἐπ' ἡρόδῳ λεγὸν
ἐλθόντων ἀνδρῶν, ἰνδύχους κατ' ἥδονας,
φάμμον τι πιδία κἀρόντους ἱρημίας.

Comus translated, 242—252.

A better imitation of the Greek of the old tragic poets than these verses, especially the concluding ones, it would be hard to find;

nor are the following, from a speech of *Comus* to the Lady, whom he has beguiled into his palace and would fain ensnare further, one whit less meritorious:—

Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, and feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that?
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advised! You are but young yet.
Comus, 745—55.

ἡ γὰρ ὥραλα χάρις
φύσεως ἀριστὴ, ἐν τε τῇ ἀγάλλεται,
πρίπι δ' ἱερῶν βασιλικῶν θυμῶν,
ὅπου τις ἂν μάλιστα προσδρακτὴν ἔχῃ·
τὰ γροικον οἶκοι, κάρ' ἐπ' ὠνυμον, μένοι
βάναντος εἴη, καὶ σκυθραῖς ἀτ' ἰργάτης
δυσχρῶς παρίσται, ἥ τις οἰκουρῇ φρενὶ
κλῶθιν πίκυκ', εἰροκόμον ἀσκεῖται χερὰ
οὐ δῆτ' ἔρωτος αἵ τ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων βολαί,
χάρις τε χυλίων εὐβαφής, καὶ βόστρυχον
ἀκτίσιν ἡμῶν ἱεσιούμεναι,
ὅ τ' οἶσδ' ἐπ' ἔργοις τοιῶδ' ἦν δωρίματα
ἀγ' οὖν, διδάσκον, πρὶν τε γηράσκον, τὰδε.

Comus translated, 873—85.

The fourth of the verses quoted might seem to have come bodily from Euripides; and we might go far to seek a better translation of "the vermeil-tinctured lip." But scant justice to the beauties of translation can be done by quoting passages. Wherever we dip, we come upon elegant scraps such as the following. The Sirens are described in v. 256—7:—

Who as they sung would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium.

αἱ δὲ σαγηνευθεῖσαν εὐθόγγῃ μίλει
ἤταλλον ἀμβρότοις ἐν κόλποις φρένα.

Minerva's Gorgon shield (448):—

Wherewith she froze her foes to congeal'd stone.

φόρημ' Ἀθηνῆς, ᾗ κράτει τῶν θυσιμῶν
κρυσταλλοπέγῃ περὶν μεταλλαγή.

The closing lines of the description of divine philosophy (478—9)—

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns—

find this apt Greek equivalent:—

ἀίρντον τε νίκταρ εὐβοίων χλιδῆς,
ὥμῃς ἀτερθε κρατπάλης.

And

The rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell (518).

appear in translation as—

κεκρήντων τε φωλῶν στόμα
εἰς Ταρταρίου ἰκαθεμίνων ὄμοις.

The choruses do not strike us so favourably as the iambic passages, partly perhaps because the beautiful versions of some of them in the "*Sabrine Corolla*" make the ear fastidious. Yet for those who can appreciate Greek choral odes they possess abundant charms, and there is this comfort in them, that they are nowhere, as the Greek choruses are so often, hopelessly corrupt. Lord Lyttelton's principle of taking some particular chorus from the tragedians as the model of each of his odes, and then following it with exactness and with only two licences, both perfectly justifiable, is sound and wise. As a specimen of his spirit, and of the happiness with which he imitates, we may refer readers to the first ode, and the lines 104—110; and must content ourselves with quoting two verses only as a sample, particularly successful:—

The sounds and seas and all their finny drove
Now to the Moon in wavering morrice move.

λιμίνες, πορθμοὶ τ', αἰολοφυλοὶ τ'
ἰχθύες ἤδη μαρμαρυγαῖσιν
διὰν τιμῶσι Σιλάναν.

We must note one or two questionable renderings, with all respect for so accurate and neat a versifier. At v. 60, "In hall or bower" is rendered αἰλαῖσιν ἢ ὕ κήπων μύχῳ, as if the translator took "bower" in our modern sense, and not in its sense in Chaucer, Spenser, and here, when coupled with "hall"—to wit, "a chamber," having nothing to do with gardens. In v. 348, γαπόνος εὐρωτιῶν is surely an inadequate version of the "swink't hedger" or tired hedger of v. 293. Unless we are very obtuse, there needs some alteration of v. 384 in the Greek, for we cannot find any substantive on which ἰγγνῇ is to depend. In the same page, v. 392 is halt probably through a printer's error, to which cause also we attribute πρωτολεῖα in v. 782.

One or two other points might be noted, but they are mere trifles, and do not in any way detract from the high merit of this elegant version. One can hardly close the volume without a sigh, to think how few will read it—nay, perhaps, how few are able to read it—although a gentleman's education in this country comprehends, at all events, a fair acquaintance with the Greek plays. Lord Lyttelton must content himself with the satisfaction that he has given pleasure to the few, and he can no doubt add to this the reflection that the exercise has been soothing and beneficial to

himself. If he desires a wider sphere, and would, as he might well do, apply himself to the converse process of turning the masterpieces of Greek tragedy into English, there is abundant room. Potter, Woodhull, and the rest have not left us aught but miserably lame versions; and, except Blackie's *Æschylus*, a work of some merit, we know of no recent complete versions of the Greek tragedians. In this field, then, is an opening for the translator of *Comus* to win laurels, and the success which has attended his present effort, though of a different character, may be taken as a legitimate augury for the future. In any case, what he has achieved entitles him to a place among the Wellesleys, Grenvilles, Halfords, and (alas!) Lewises of the past, as cultivators of scholarship and learning amidst the pressure of other duties and the distractions of life. *O si sic omnes!*

ANCIENT PARIS.*

SUCH a book as M. Heuzey's title-page led us to expect would be very welcome to several classes of persons. Not only the mere antiquary, but the students of history and of architecture, have a lively interest in ancient Paris. Between them, the Emperor Napoleon III. and his Prefect of the Seine, Baron Haussmann, will soon have left few traces of the Paris of history—the city of the League, of the Grand Monarque, and of the Revolution. Famous sites are fast disappearing; world-known streets have given way to monotonous boulevards; and whole *quartiers* have lost, or are losing, their traditional characteristics. Whether these changes are regrettable or not in all cases, we need not inquire. At any rate, a book which promises to record, before it is too late, all that an archaeologist would wish to know of the Paris of yesterday, is sure of a respectful audience. We do not deny that M. Heuzey's volume contains much that is valuable and interesting, but we are sorry to be obliged to say that, upon the whole, it has disappointed us greatly.

The writer tells us he has spent twenty years in investigating the history of Paris. The present volume, which contains his researches on the single quarter of the "Cité," is published as a specimen of the rest. There is no doubt that the Cité—the island on which Notre Dame is built—is the most interesting part of the capital. It is the cradle, says M. Heuzey, of that beautiful Paris which is the admiration of all peoples; a town, he continues, with a courtliness that is somewhat inconsistent with the regrets of an antiquary, which is "assainie et embellie chaque jour par la persévérante sollicitude et le bon goût de notre illustre empereur Napoléon III." A small plan of the island is given towards the end of the book, constructed by the author two years ago. It would have been better had he provided his readers with one or more plans of the City at different periods of its history. The illustrations, by the way (which are by M. Racinet), are of comparatively small value, being generally nothing but ultra-picturesque woodcut vignettes. We except, however, a view of the City in the time of Henry IV., which is interesting; but we do not observe that the author tells us whence he derived the plate. Another valuable document is a doggerel called *Le dit des rues de Paris*, a poem by one Guillot of Paris, who wrote it towards the close of the thirteenth century, and introduced into his rhymes the names of all the streets then existing on the island. Many of these have since disappeared, and others have changed their names. Almost all of them require an explanatory commentary. Thus the lines

Et la ruele Sainte-Crois
Où l'on chengle souvent des cois

(i.e. où l'on sangle des coups), are interpreted to mean that there was a community of Flagellants there. But, considering the other instances of the license of mediæval town life mentioned in these rhymes, we venture to suggest that the words mean no more than that a man would run a good chance of being beaten if he entered that street, just as one might say the same of Field Lane, or of the Mint in Southwark. Some parts of Guillot's verses have been omitted by the too squeamish editor, who might have trusted them, we think, to the obscurity of the old French. Enough is left to show that the Paris of the thirteenth century had its *quartiers* which answered to the modern Notre Dame de Lorette.

M. Heuzey tells us incidentally that the names of the streets of Paris were not written up till the year 1728, and that the houses were not numbered till 1806. He begins his detailed inquiries with the Pont-au-Change, about which he accumulates some pleasant gossip, with the dates of the several structures, beginning with a period before the Roman domination, which have occupied the site. Going eastward, he describes the several bridges and intervening quays in order. Under the Pont Notre Dame, we have an account of the review of the ecclesiastical infantry of the League, in 1590, by the Papal Legate; when the Bishop of Senlis marched at the head of the armed Capuchins, Cordeliers, Jacobins, Carmelites, and the rest, and the Cures of Saint-Jacques de la Boucherie and of Saint-Côme officiated as his subalterns. Coming to the Quai de l'Archevêché, we are told that this eastern extremity of the island was altogether forbidden ground to women in the middle ages, though Charlotte of Savoy, the second wife of Louis XI., was permitted to land there in 1407. In 1258 the

place was popularly called, in derision, *la Motte aux Papelards*, because the clergy used it for their recreation. The Pont-au-Double retains to this day the name given to it on its completion under Louis XIII., in 1634, when the toll was fixed as a *double Tournois*. This brings us to the Hôtel-Dieu, one of the most interesting spots in Paris, and the more so as the edict has just gone forth for its demolition, in order to make way for a more commodious hospital. In his history of this building M. Heuzey is more than usually unsatisfactory. We remember to have seen a description of the Hôtel-Dieu in our contemporary the *Ecclesiologist*, which pointed out that the ancient church of St. Julian of the Pilgrims is preserved almost entire within the pile of buildings. Not a word about this is to be found in M. Heuzey's account; and we doubt if he knows anything of the embedded church, although he mentions the *enclos Saint-Julien* more than once as the name of a part of the hospital. We have no doubt that the rebuilding of the hospital will be advantageous to the inmates, and we can scarcely regret that the completion of the theatre should be postponed—as the Imperial edict puts it—to the commencement of the works in the Hôtel-Dieu. But we may express a hope that the ancient church will be preserved, if possible, as the chapel of the institution. Is there no French antiquary to suggest it? What is M. de Caumont about, or the Comité Historique? Paris is even now richer than London in mediæval ecclesiastical architecture, but it cannot afford to lose any of its archaeological treasures. It is curious that, in London, we are restoring both St. Bartholomew the Great—the original church of Rahere's great foundation—and also St. Bartholomew the Less, the more recent hospital-church; while the St. Julian's church of the Hôtel-Dieu is in danger of utter demolition. However, the church attached to our St. Thomas's Hospital—a building, we believe, of small interest though of some antiquity—perished unheeded the other day when the hospital was swallowed up by the South-Eastern Railway. M. Heuzey seems to be destitute of one great qualification for the task which he has undertaken, in that he has no taste for architecture. For instance, after mentioning the fact of the restoration of Notre Dame by MM. Lassus and Viollet-le-Duc, he says, "Je passe aux des dissertations d'architecture, qui pourraient donner de l'ennui aux lecteurs."

The Morgue (from an old French word, meaning the face) comes next in order in M. Heuzey's narrative. His account of it is jejune enough. He makes room for some sentimental remarks about the bodies of the 125 victims of July 30, 1830, but observes a discreet silence about the still more numerous corpses of the *coup d'état*. The Morgue is lately removed, as we learn from the newspapers, to the eastern extremity of the island, behind the cathedral. The name of the well-known Rue de la Barillerie is explained as coming from the *barilliers* or *tonneliers*, who used to ply their trade there. Guillot calls it *la Grant Barisserie*, a spelling which our author does not attempt to explain. Of the Rue de la Calandre, we are assured that it is the most ancient in all Paris, having been the first road marked by the Gauls in Lutetia! It derived its present name, before 1280, from the wheel of a calender, one Nicholas le Calandreux, who lived there. M. Heuzey tells a good story of the Rue aux Fèves. It was here that Eugène Sue placed his imaginary Cabaret du Lapin Blanc, in his *Mysteries of Paris*. So many people came to see the supposed theatre of such terrible adventures that an enterprising publican bethought himself of opening a house of entertainment under that name, fitted up and furnished according to the description in the romance. This satisfied the majority of pilgrims, and the man made a fair success by his venture. It is curious that many of the names of streets of Paris have changed their sex in the course of centuries. Thus, the Rue Gervaise Lorens (of 1313) has been masculinized into the Rue Gervais Laurent. On the other hand, the Rue Vivienne is now called Vivienne; and the change from masculine to feminine seems to be the more common of the two. Ancient Paris had its Jewry in the Rue de la Juiverie, but the street and the name have both disappeared. The tavern de la Pomme-de-Pin, immortalized by Rabelais, and used by the literary men of the time of Louis XIV., has been forgotten. It was at the corner of the Rue de Constantine and the Rue de la Cité. The Rue des Marmousets borrowed its name from those little grotesque figures so often sculptured on Gothic portals, which it seems are so called. This is a word that might be advantageously adopted into our own architectural terminology. Of this street is told the grim legend of the two neighbours—a Jew barber and a pastry-cook—of whom the former used to cut the throats of his unwary customers and tumble the bodies into a cellar below, where his accomplice was ready to finish them and to convert them into meat pies. At last, one day a German student, feeling the razor beginning to graze his throat, suddenly jumped up, hurled the barber through the trap-door, and made his escape. When the hue and cry came to examine the cellar, they found the confectioner calmly cooking his colleague, whom he had despatched without recognising him, having mistaken him for an ordinary victim. The story is told with several variations. M. Heuzey gravely decides, from documentary evidence, that it is a fable. We have seldom seen a less satisfactory description of Notre Dame than that which our present author affords us; and we may say the same of his account of the Palais de Justice and the Sainte-Chapelle. It is here that his ignorance of architecture is so conspicuous. He is most at home in gossiping anecdotes about people and places. In etymology and history he is anything but a safe guide. Witness his Introduction, in which he boldly declares that "il est indubitable que les Welchs

* *Curiosités de la Cité de Paris, Histoire Étymologique de ses Rues, nouvelles, anciennes, ou supprimées, Recherches Archéologiques sur ses Antiquités, Monuments, et Maisons remarquables.* Par Ferdinand Heuzey. Paris: Dentu. 1864.

d'Angleterre que nous nommons Gallois sont une colonie de Gaulois." But his book, which has no great pretensions, will be useful to those who may wish to know something about the island of the City in the French capital. We have no doubt that M. Heuzey has noted down with exemplary diligence all the streets and buildings that have already perished. We observe, in perusing his pages, that no fewer than nineteen churches, chapels, or convents have been destroyed in this one small part of mediæval Paris.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. HIPPOLYTE FAUCHE* is not only one of the best Sanscrit scholars of the present day, but is also a man of indomitable energy and of extraordinary devotion to the cause of learning. What publishers, even the most enthusiastic, would venture on giving to the world a poem like the *Mahābhārata*, which, when finished, will comprise no less than fifteen octavo volumes? Yet the enterprise which no bookseller would be bold enough to attempt, M. Fauche has begun on his own responsibility. There are still, he thinks, Frenchmen capable of making pecuniary sacrifices for the cause of Oriental literature, and, even amongst the vast majority of those who know nothing whatever about Sanscrit or Brahminical traditions, many may be induced to support an undertaking which is at all events disinterested. In the meanwhile, M. Fauche presents us with a couple of duodecimos containing a French version of the *Rāmāyana*. This poem, though of considerable length, does not reach to the proportions of the *Mahābhārata*, and readers who may be deterred by the 100,000 *glokas* of the latter may nevertheless wish to make acquaintance with the epics of the Hindūs, and therefore gather up courage for the purpose of mastering the beauties of the former. M. Fauche's translation is excellent, being alike accurate and elegant, and it would be difficult for the uninitiated to select a better guide in their study of the *Rāmāyana*; but we think that a preface, some notes, and a copious index were absolutely indispensable in a work of this character, and we regret that M. Fauche should not have added them. Very probably this would have entailed the publication of a third volume, but we think that few would grudge the extra expense required to render the perusal of the *Rāmāyana* both interesting and profitable. We cannot admit that the very meagre index which terminates the fourth volume is of any real use, and surely, if the cheapest school editions of the Greek and Latin classics are not deemed complete without some kind of critical apparatus, be it ever so concise, such aids are doubly necessary in the case of a work like Valmiki's epic. We hope M. Fauche may be induced to publish a supplement of elucidations and notes which would, we are certain, be most favourably received.

Scientific year-books are multiplying on the other side of the Channel. Besides those of Messrs. Figuier, Laugel, and many others which we might name, we have now to announce one † comprising articles originally written in the *Moniteur* by two gentlemen of acknowledged reputation, MM. Ménault and Boillot. After a preface on the general progress of science, physical and mathematical, we have reviews of books, an account of the lectures delivered at the Sorbonne, and *comptes-rendus* of the sittings of the Académie des Sciences. A second volume, to be published in the course of January, will give us the intelligence for the last six months of the present year.

It is singular to observe how different branches of philosophy seem alternately to occupy the attention of the scientific world, and how, in many cases, controversies and discussions which people had regarded as settled for ever revive amongst us, exciting the same interest as they did when they were first originated, and producing the same amount of writing, talking, and sometimes quarrelling. Thus it has been with the disputes on the nature of Life. After having divided into two hostile camps the representatives of medical science in France, they seemed for a time entirely settled, and a few pamphlets published every now and then were the only signs that the schism between the physicians had not been made up. The fact is that philosophers, strictly so called, had, especially since the beginning of the present century, scrupulously avoided dealing with physiological questions, forgetting that metaphysical studies cannot yield trustworthy results if no account is taken of the bodily frame which so powerfully influences the action of the mental powers. The recent developments of positivism, however, in the systems of MM. Taine, Proudhon, and Auguste Comte, have produced a reaction against pure metaphysics which is still going on; the books of Mr. Darwin and others have contributed their share to this revival of materialist tendencies; and the consequence has been, in France, a new furbishing up of Stahl's old theories on *Animism* and *Vitalism*. ‡ This being the case, M. Albert Lemoine thought that a critical account of the German philosopher and his works would be acceptable, and he undertook to refute "animism" in a series of lectures which, after having been delivered at the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, are now published in M. Baillière's *Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine*. M. A. Lemoine begins by giving a succinct review of the different opinions

entertained respecting the problem of life itself. He then describes the system of Stahl in its various applications and consequences, laying particular stress on the philosopher's controversy with Leibnitz. An account of modern animism follows next, and the volume finishes with a general critique of the theory. M. Lemoine exposes in a masterly manner Stahl's hypotheses; but, at the same time, he acknowledges that there was an element of truth in them which should not be ignored, and he pays a legitimate tribute of respect to the ability and earnestness of the German philosopher.

To the same collection belong three other volumes of unequal merit, which we may summarily notice here. M. Challemeil-Lacour's sketch of Wilhelm von Humboldt's life is interesting enough, and gives us a complete view of the distinguished philologist's works; but the title will, in all probability, lead many readers astray. By the designation *Philosophie individualiste* we commonly understand those semi-religious, semi-political theories which are identified with the names of Alexandre Vinet, Benjamin Constant, and De Tocqueville. If the term is applied to characterize the peculiar views of each individual thinker, there are, of course, as many *philosophies individualistes* as there are metaphysicians, because, although each one must, more or less, be modified by the general tendencies of the intellectual atmosphere in the midst of which he moves, yet he reflects these influences from his own particular stand-point, and therefore gives them a certain colouring which marks them as the ideas of Condillac, for instance, and not those of Voltaire or of Buffon.

M. Charles Lévêque, author of an excellent work on aesthetics, and Professor of Philosophy at the Collège de France, has discussed, in a few eloquent pages †, the important question of spiritualism with reference to works of art. His introduction, written for the purpose of vindicating the place of aesthetic science in the general scheme of philosophy, is a very lucid and correct demarcation of the realms of metaphysics. It shows, moreover, that for many readers aesthetics has proved the guide and the preparation to more abstruse topics. As there is a science of what is right, what is true, and what is useful, so there is a science of what is beautiful, which is not a whit inferior in importance to the others. The three chapters which compose the volume treat respectively of spiritualism in sculpture, of the same subject as illustrated in a sketch of the French artist Simart, and of spiritualism in painting, exemplified by the pictures of Nicolas Poussin. An inaugural address delivered at the Collège de France forms the appendix, and treats of the Platonist origin of aesthetics.

The alliance between metaphysical and natural philosophy is the problem which M. Auguste Laugel is striving to solve. ‡ He presents himself as the champion of positive science, and asks for an *entente cordiale* on terms which the other side would not perhaps accept exactly as he offers them. Yet we are bound to say that he makes out a strong case, and that he shows, from the examples of Pascal, Leibnitz, and Descartes, that the boundaries of what our neighbours call *philosophie* were much wider formerly than they are at present. Psychologists ought not, of course, to fancy that they alone possess the key of science; but the same caution may be addressed with equal force to physiologists and mathematicians. *Form* and *Force* are the two great principles studied by M. Laugel in his book. He traces them throughout the various manifestations of the laws of nature, and his remarks, written in a very beautiful style, cannot fail to interest all those who feel concerned to ascertain the physical principles according to which the universe is governed.

On the line of demarcation which separates science from imagination we must place M. Nadar's *Mémoires du Géant*. § Many readers will, almost in spite of themselves, be attracted by the singular title-page of the book, and will wonder at seeing sprawling on the outside of a duodecimo the name which disfigures the walls of most of the Paris houses. If we open the volume, we find a description of Nadar given by Nadar himself, which has at all events the merit of frankness. Autobiographers enjoy, generally speaking, the reputation of putting themselves in the most favourable attitudes possible; but the owner of the *Géant* spurns such meretricious ways of securing the goodwill of his readers, and certainly, if he has dealt impartially with himself, he has displayed remarkable candour. The *Mémoires du Géant*, however, are interesting from the earnestness and enthusiasm with which they are written. M. Nadar has all the zeal of an apostle and the confidence of a prophet; he talks of balloon locomotion as of a *fait accompli*; and he has as little doubt of the ultimate success of the science to which he has devoted himself as some dreamers have of squaring the circle or of finding the problem of perpetual motion. A short preface by M. Babinet places, so to speak, under the patronage of positive science what is as yet but a dangerous experiment.

M. Mervoyer's substantial treatise on the *Association of Ideas* || was published as an exercise for the doctor's degree; but it shows a metaphysical acumen, clearness of style, and range of reading which would reflect credit on one of the veterans of science. Our author remarks, in the first place, that

* *Le Rāmāyana, Poème Sanscrit de Valmiki; traduit en Français par H. Fauche.* Paris: Lacroix.

† *Le Mouvement Scientifique pendant l'Année 1864.* Par E. Ménault et A. Boillot. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Le Vitalisme et l'Animisme de Stahl.* Par Albert Lemoine. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *La Philosophie individualiste; Étude sur Guillaume de Humboldt.* Par Challemeil-Lacour. Paris: Baillière.

|| *Le Spiritualisme dans l'Art.* Par Charles Lévêque. Paris: Baillière.

‡ *Les Problèmes de la Nature.* Par Auguste Laugel. Paris: Baillière.

§ *Les Mémoires du Géant.* Par Nadar. Paris: Dentu.

|| *Étude sur l'Association des Idées, Thèse pour le Doctorat.* Par P. M. Mervoyer. Paris: Durand.

the point he has taken for discussion is one which has only within a comparatively recent time occupied the thoughts of philosophers. Occasional hints on the subject may, indeed, be found scattered throughout the works of Plato and of Aristotle; Zeno and Epicurus have likewise stated a few of the laws which modern thinkers lay down in connexion with it; but antiquity stopped at the first conditions of reminiscence, and, during the middle ages, no efforts were made either by the champions of scholasticism or of free thought to examine thoroughly the phenomena of the association of our ideas. It was reserved for an Englishman to take the earliest steps in that direction, and Hobbes was the pilot on a sea where afterwards Locke, Hume, and Hartley in England, Herbart in Germany, Condillac, Maine de Biran, and Jouffroy in France, have made interesting discoveries. M. Mervoyer has therefore the advantage of occupying a position in the wide field of metaphysics where new truths are most likely to be brought out, and his volume is full of very suggestive thoughts and of observations which must have been the result of a severe course of study. His fundamental axiom may be thus stated:—All human knowledge depends upon two great laws:—1st. *The law of continuity*, essentially objective, which constantly penetrates and modifies both the outer world and man himself. 2nd. *The law of resemblance*, subjective in its character, by which the mind discerns, composes, and associates, in the various orders of phenomena, the more or less tangible features which nature has placed within its reach. The quotations frequently made by M. Mervoyer throughout his volume prove that he is well acquainted with the great English metaphysicians. Dugald Stewart, Sir W. Hamilton, and Mr. J. S. Mill seem to be his favourite authors.

The rules of the University of France require from all candidates for the doctor's degree a disquisition written in Latin, besides one in French. M. Mervoyer, improving on the suggestion, has composed in Greek a sketch of the doctrines of the celebrated mystic Apollonius Tyaneus.* This essay is well worth careful study, whether considered as a literary *tour de force*, or as a clear and complete account of the singular personage to whom it is devoted.

As the son of the author of the celebrated poem, *Le Mérite des Femmes*, M. Ernest Legouvé feels bound to accept the paternal inheritance†, and to proclaim himself the champion of the fair sex. Dealing with every-day occurrences, he makes serious inquiries into the moral, social, and domestic life of women, and into the means of improving it. The *Histoire Morale des Femmes* forms the substance of a course of lectures delivered sixteen years ago at the Collège de France. It was then essentially what we should call an *ouvrage de circonstance*; for the ideas about women were at that time of a rather strange character, being a mixture of communism, Saint-Simonism, and utilitarianism, together with views borrowed from the works of George Sand, Eugène Sue, and Balzac. Now that all the wild theories of 1848 have disappeared, M. Legouvé's book still retains its value, and the number of anecdotes, episodes, and quotations of various kinds with which it abounds relieves it from that didactic form which would perhaps have rendered it unattractive to the majority of readers.

M. Henry Monnier has published a new and revised edition of his *Scènes Populaires*‡, a book which, in its kind, may justly be considered as one of the French classics. Open the first page, and you see the autograph signature of M. Joseph Prudhomme. What flourishes—what a regular, symmetrical, firm and orthodox handwriting! Then there is a portrait of M. Prudhomme exhibited on the cover in perfect harmony with his autograph. The immaculate regularity of his collars, appearing on each side of his face like a couple of equilateral triangles, the placidity of his countenance, the very shape of his spectacles—these and other details of costume stamp him on our memory as the representative of that untranslatable word *bêtise* which, unfortunately, is not monopolised by professors of calligraphy. M. Henry Monnier combines the talents of an artist philosopher with remarkable powers of observation, and is thus able to illustrate, in a twofold manner, the characters which he selects for the purpose of identifying Paris *bourgeoisie* and low life. The *scènes populaires* are thirteen in number, some of them being considered as masterpieces of their kind, more particularly the introductory one, entitled *Le Roman chez la Portière*, which would of itself suffice to render its author illustrious. M. Monnier's scenes are highly amusing; but they are much more than amusing, being at the same time marked by earnest thought and purpose.

A serious man §, on the other side of the Channel, is a man who knows nothing about love, generosity, or feeling. His sole ambition is to get on in the world—to make money, and to have a good balance at his banker's. When he marries, he looks out for a handsome portion first; if the face is pretty too, so much the better; should the moral character, in addition, prove unblemished, he is indeed a lucky man. Savinien Montenay is not an *homme sérieux*, but his uncle is, and has formed the plan of marrying the aforesaid Savinien to a young lady whose riches are only equalled

by her vulgarity. The contrast between the high-principled, generous young man, and the commonplace, coarse-minded people who surround him, is drawn by M. Charles de Moüy with a vigour worthy of Balzac. As a natural consequence, Savinien falls in love with a beautiful penniless girl, Marianne, thereby incurring his uncle's displeasure. Suddenly, by one of those contrivances familiar to novelists, news arrives that Marianne has become heiress to an immense fortune; the objection raised by the uncle is thus removed, and, in the eyes of the matter-of-business M. Roquemont, a marriage with the supposed portionless *démouille* is even preferable to the one which had been previously schemed for Savinien. The young *inamorato*, however, will not dream of proposing to Marianne, for fear lest he should be reproached by her for acting under the influence of mercenary motives. Fortunately, a second piece of intelligence comes down suddenly upon the conflicting parties; it is positively ascertained that the talked-of millions are not in existence; whereupon Savinien offers his hand to her whom he loves, and M. Roquemont for once condescends to excuse want of seriousness in his romantic nephew.

Another simple tale* is now before us which we can recommend cordially to our readers. Albert, the hero, like most young men of the present time—in France at least—has led a life of dissipation, and, being the squire of a village, entertains sinister designs towards a handsome *paysanne* who is about to marry François Mouton, the parish school-master. Between Albert and François hatred of course springs up, the former constantly taking advantage of his position to annoy the latter in every possible way. Meanwhile, an old friend of François is appointed *cure* to the village; by his firmness he helps to defeat Albert's plans, and during a severe visitation of cholera he displays amongst his parishioners all the virtues of a truly apostolic character. The squire is one day found drowned, the *cure* dies heroically from the consequences of his Christian zeal, and, as a relief to the melancholy conclusion of the tale, François Mouton marries Noemi.

In a well-written and eloquent preface, M. Jules Simon describes the origin of the *Obole des Conteurs*†. When the distress produced amongst workmen by the dearth of cotton roused all the sympathies of the country, the Société des Gens de Lettres wished to co-operate in the noble task of relieving the sufferers. Hence the present volume, including no less than twenty-four tales, signed by the most eminent representatives of imaginative literature in France. All the pieces which compose the *recueil* are good, and they derive additional interest from the motive which suggested them.

Émile Zola. This month we have to announce the ninth volume of his dramatic works‡ (*Catiline, la Jeunesse des Mousquetaires, les Mousquetaires*), and the fourth of the historical novel entitled *La San-Felice*§. In this last book we follow the French army through the triumphant campaign which reduced the Neapolitan Court to an ignominious flight. M. Dumas appears to have very little sympathy for either Ferdinand or his allies, Lady Hamilton more particularly. The gallery of celebrated duellists|| opened by M. Roger de Beauvoir is far from being complete; but it includes many of the most distinguished names, and the anecdotes given are often extremely amusing.

* *Un Curé*. Par Hippolyte Langlais. Paris: Brunet.

† *L'Obol des Conteurs*. Paris: Hachette.

‡ *Théâtre Complet d'Alexandre Dumas*. Vol. 9. Paris: Lévy.

§ *La San-Felice*. Par Alexandre Dumas. Vol. 4. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Duels et Duellistes*. Par Roger de Beauvoir. Paris: Lévy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 120 Pall Mall.—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of CABINET PICTURES by Living British Artists is now Open, from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence.

COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR.—Professor KEY, A.M., F.R.S., will commence his Course by an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE (which is open to the Public), on Monday, November 14, at 4 o'clock. The Course will consist of about Twenty Lectures, to be given on successive Mondays, from 4 to 5.15 P.M. Fee, 2s.

JOHN ROBERT SEELEY, M.A., Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws, CHARLES C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

University College, London, October 28, 1864.

COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR.—The Introductory Lecture (open to the Public) will be delivered by T. HEWITT KEY, M.A., F.R.S., at University College, on Monday, November 14, at 4 P.M. precisely. Subject.—The Verbs signifying "to be" in the Indo-European Family; their One Origin and Primitive Meaning.

MINING and MINERALOGY.—ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, Jermyn Street.—Mr. WARINGTON W. SMYTH, M.A., F.R.S., will commence Courses of Forty Lectures on MINERALOGY at One o'clock, and SIXTY Lectures on MINING at Half-past Three o'clock on Monday, November 7, to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Monday, at the same hour. Fee for each Course, 2s. TRENHAM BECKS, Registrar.

SANDHURST, WOOLWICH, and the LINE.—The Rev. C. J. HUGHES, M.A., LL.D. of Cambridge, and Wrangler of the year, receives a few PUPILS for the above. Has passed over Three Hundred.—Castlebar Court, Ealing, W.

* *Ἡστορία Ἀπολλωνίου τοῦ Τυανεύου διατριβὴν ἀποκρίματα*. M. Mervoyer. Paris: Durand.

† *Histoire Morale des Femmes*. Par E. Legouvé, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Scènes Populaires, dessinées à la Plume*. Par Henry Monnier. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Le Roman d'un Homme sérieux*. Par Charles de Moüy. Paris and London: Hachette.

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